

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1258.—July 11, 1868.

## CONTENTS.

1. FARADAY A DISCOVERER, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	67
2. THE EARTHLY PARADISE, . . . . .	<i>Athenæum,</i>	74
3. CLOSE OF THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION, . . . . .	<i>Public Opinion,</i>	78
4. MRS. MAURICE, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	86
5. LORD BYRON. By the Countess Guiccioli, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	95
6. MR. EMERSON ON QUOTATION AND ORIGINALITY, . . . . .	<i>London Review,</i>	99
7. THE BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY. By Charles Lever. . . . .		
PART XIII.		
8. PLON'S LIFE OF THORVALDSEN, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	101
9. FENCING, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	115
10. THE STORY OF A PIECE OF CHALK, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	118
11. DR. LIVINGSTONE, . . . . .	<i>Chambers's Journal,</i>	121
12. NINA BALATKA—LINDA TRESSSEL, . . . . .	<i>Good Words,</i>	126
	<i>London Review,</i>	128

## POETRY.

DREAMS IN THE INVALIDES, . . . . .	84	DEATH UPON THE MOUNTAINS, . . . . .	125
------------------------------------	----	-------------------------------------	-----

## SHORT ARTICLES.

A BLIND INVENTOR, . . . . .	66	CAGE OF WILD ANIMALS UPSET, . . . . .	82
KING THEODORE, . . . . .	73	"THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA," . . . . .	83
FRENCH EMPEROR'S SPEECH AT ORLEANS, . . . . .	73	THE PEOPLE OF ABYSSINIA, . . . . .	114
NEW SOURCES OF SUPPLY, . . . . .	73		

## JUST PUBLISHED AT THIS OFFICE:

LINDA TRESSSEL, by the Author of Nina Balatka. Price 38 cts.  
ALL FOR GREED, by the BARONESS BLAZE DE BURY. Price 38 cts.

## LATELY PUBLISHED:

THE BROWNLOWS, by Mrs. OLIPHANT. 38 cts.  
THE TENANTS OF MALORY, by J. S. LE FANU. 50 cts.  
OLD SIR DOUGLAS, by the HON. MRS. NORTON. 75 cts.  
SIR BROOKE FOSSBROOKE. SECOND EDITION. 50 cts.

## PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION AT THIS OFFICE:

GRACE OWEN'S ENGAGEMENT.  
THE BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY, by CHARLES LEVER.  
OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE, by EDWARD GARRETT.  
PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER, by MR. TROLLOPE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.	
" " Second " " 20 " 50 "	
" " Third " " 32 " 80 "	
The Complete Work, 96 " 240 "	

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

## PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

For 5 new subscribers (\$40.), a sixth copy; or a set of HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE, unabridged, in 4 large volumes, cloth, price \$10; or any 5 of the back volumes of the LIVING AGE, in numbers, price \$10.

From The London Review.

A BLIND INVENTOR.\*

THERE are a few men who are possessed of such an unconquerable vigour of mind that no calamity would appear capable of preventing them from bearing their part in the history and work of the time. Mr. Gale is one of these. Like his fellow-sufferer, an eminent legislator and University lecturer, he has, so to speak, conquered one of the most fearful deprivations that can befall a human being, and he has achieved results which not only invite admiration for their intrinsic worth, but for the indications they afford of what such a man might have done had he continued in the possession of all his faculties. Unlike most of those blind men who have earned distinction for themselves, Mr. Gale's loss of eyesight happened, not after his mind had reached its maturity, but in his boyhood. It was his good fortune, however, that his parents were in a position to supply him with an amanuensis, and that in his education he was treated like other people. The author of this book shows, and, as it appears to us, with a very considerable appearance of reason, the disadvantages arising from the prevalent mode of conducting the education of the blind. He points out that of the many blind men who have distinguished themselves, scarcely one has been known to have been educated at an institution designed exclusively for the education of the sightless, and that not one in twenty of those reared in the blind schools of Paris are enabled upon leaving them, to gain their own livelihood. Mr. Plummer quotes authorities for the purpose of proving that there is no insuperable difficulty after all in a blind boy being educated at an ordinary school; that he can read, cipher, and even write from dictation, with his class, and all the while with this advantage, that he is not continually regarding himself as belonging to a separate order. Mr. Gale affords a singular example of what this sort of training may effect. He has ridden a horse-race, and won it. Returning once in a carrier's van from Plymouth to Tavistock, when the driver lost his way through the darkness of the night, his acute sense of hearing enabled him to detect the fact that they were on the wrong road and to lead them into the right one. He has succeeded in concealing his blindness so effectually that he has actually acted as guide to more than one person who happened to be unacquainted with the locality, and concealed the fact of his blindness until the journey had been concluded. He has ridden a blind horse in perfect safety over several miles of ground, and he has even shot pigeons at a shooting match. In business he has shown himself a man of re-

markable shrewdness and energy, and if he did not see much as a traveller, he visited quite as many places as an ordinary tourist during his summer vacations is able to manage. The degree of a German university may not, perhaps, be very highly esteemed by those acquainted with the way in which these honours are sometimes obtained, but however easy the preliminaries may be to ordinary people, it is in the highest degree creditable, that a man suffering under the disadvantages of Mr. Gale, fulfilled the necessary requirements, and obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Master of Arts from the University of Mecklenburg. In his own county, and to many of the public, however, Mr. Gale is known as a most active philanthropist. As a guardian of the poor of his town, he afforded an example of zealous care and kindness which is seldom met with in gentlemen who undertake these offices, and as the founder of the South Devon and Cornwall Institution for the Instruction and Employment of the Blind, his name will long be remembered with well-earned gratitude. To the public Mr. Gale is best known as the inventor of a means for rendering gunpowder unexplosive. The Erith explosion of 1864 recalled to Mr. Gale an experiment which he had made with gunpowder in his youth. He devoted all his time and energy to the prosecution of his experiments, and the result was that in 1865 the public were surprised to hear that gunpowder, when mixed with a fine powder made from glass, was practically capable of being carried like ordinary merchandise, and attended with no danger from explosion. Mr. Gale's experiments were repeated in the presence of her Majesty and of the War-office authorities at Wimbledon, with unquestioned success, but we have not heard of his plan being put into practical use. The discoveries of the blind inventor in the materials of warfare by no means terminated with that relating to gunpowder. He has also invented an ammunition slide and a rudder ball cartridge, by which a very great rapidity in firing may be attained; a fog-shell, which when thrown upon the upper deck of a ship generates a vapour so impenetrable that the sailors and marines on board are utterly unable to see any object not immediately close to them; and a balloon shell, which when thrown from a height clears a space of a hundred feet from all except very ponderous objects. Peace, as well as war, has also benefited by Mr. Gale's inventive mind. He has manufactured an electric alarm-clock, by the aid of which a person may be enabled to wake at any hour he pleases, and an electric house-guard or thief and fire detector. This gentleman's career offers a lesson which every man ought to learn and no man can afford to disregard. With everything to overcome, and with the strongest inducements to quietly sit down under the misfortune which befell him, he has led a life so active, and he has kept himself so well up in the race, that he must now and then have forgotten his loss.

\* *The Story of a Blind Inventor*: being some account of the Life and Labours of James Gale, M. A., F. G. S., F. C. S.; Inventor of the Non-explosive Gunpowder Process, &c., and Founder of the South Devon and Cornwall Institution for the Instruction and Employment of the Blind. By John Plummer. London: William Tweedie.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

FARADAY, A DISCOVERER.

BY J. SCOTT RUSSELL, F.R.S.

THIS welcome little volume contains three portraits — Faraday the Philosopher, Faraday the Man, Faraday the Christian. The portraits are drawn with a firm and clear hand, in a gentle and loving spirit, under the guidance of a deep insight. Men of science who clustered round Faraday's home in Albemarle Street will be pleased that the portrait of their distinguished chief has been trusted to the hands of one of the most eminent among themselves, whom Faraday selected as his associate and successor. The members of the much wider circle whose lives were illuminated by the rays of truth which beamed on them from that luminous fane of science, where young and old, ignorant and skilled, were through so many years equally charmed, elevated, and instructed, will be grateful that the character, the labours, and the teachings of their master are herein transmitted to them by a fellow-pupil, who neither in admiration nor affection falls short of their own. They will all give Professor Tyndall's work a warm welcome.

It has been said of many distinguished men, that the world owes much more to their indirect influence than to their direct personal action. Of Faraday it may be said that many were led to love science because they first loved Faraday. His influence was truly magnetic: it transfused others with his own energy, and gave them his strong tendency to find out and follow up the slenderest indications of hidden truth, until they were dragged out of darkness into the full blaze of established science. During the thirty years of his active life, he surrounded himself with the lovers of truth; it was his happiness to discover young men of science, to make their merits known through the Royal Institution to the world of English science, and to help them with words of kindly interest and genial encouragement to persevere in the worship and study of nature. It may be said of Faraday that he was not merely a philosopher himself, but a maker of philosophers. He was a great apostle of the faith that

“ Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; ”  
and many were his converts.

We are all deeply indebted to Professor Tyndall for the solicitude with which he has endeavoured to convey a right appreciation of Faraday's character, a clear understanding of the nature of his work, and a just measure of the value of his discoveries; it will be hard for us in a few pages to convey a true impression of what he has done in the three fields of this biography.

In order to appreciate “ Faraday as a Discoverer,” it is necessary almost to live backwards the last thirty years of science; he has taught us so much that we can scarcely fancy how ignorant we were when he began. Caloric was a substance filling up the little pores left between the solid particles of material bodies, and wedging them asunder or expanding them when poured in, and when again it was squeezed out they collapsed. Light was a thing emanating from luminous centres, striking against obstacles, and thrown back from smooth surfaces, as a ball is reflected from the wall of a racket-court. Electricity was another fluid, or sometimes a couple of fluids, of opposite sorts — one resinous and the other vitreous: and jars were filled with the one and emptied of the other by dexterous processes of mere manipulation. Magnetism was a mere special peculiarity or eccentricity of a few sorts of matter, which were able to infect some other kinds of matter by rubbing, or long cohabitation; and, instead of being a law of general condition, might be called a monomania, with which certain kinds of matter were possessed. It was this unknown world of physical insanities that formed the region of Faraday's discoveries and conquests. He first illuminated this dark region by the radiance of his luminiferous imagination; he next attacked it with strong batteries of well-organized experiment; and, having thus forced an entrance and established a sure footing, he never rested until he had put the whole province of chaos by logical method into order, harmony, and obedience to law.

In order to understand and appreciate what Faraday has done for our time and the time to follow, it will be necessary to take a somewhat wide view of the world of modern science. Two broad continents of thought have been discovered and fully occupied by modern philosophy. The nat-

ural philosopher may be said to have conquered completely the realm of physics, and the chemical philosopher has made nearly as complete a conquest of the realm of chemistry. The natural philosopher finds that the great law of gravitation rules the phenomena of the material universe: armed with the weapons of mathematics, master of the sciences of form, quantity, and number, he finds nowhere on the earth's surface a single particle of matter the motion and general behaviour of which under all known circumstances he cannot predict. The path of a cannon-ball through the air, of a steamship through the ocean, of a railway train across a chasm, are illustrations at once of the predictions of pure physical science and of the rewards conferred upon those who believe in it with a faith so implicit as to induce them to adopt the principles of science into the ventures of practical life.

The triumphs of the modern mechanical arts are therefore the triumphs of modern physical science; and as facts of daily life they proclaim the universality of her laws. But these physical laws have been found to bear rule, equally inflexible and equally intelligible, in the phenomena of other worlds as in those of our own. Terrestrial physics and celestial physics differ in no single respect except in the scale of their operations. The pendulum swinging in the timepiece, the tide swinging round the earth, the earth swinging round the sun, and the sun sweeping through the circle of the fixed stars, are all phenomena which differ only in the largeness of the figures required to express them; the adequate conception and expression of one of them is equally the adequate conception and expression of all the others; a single particle of water in a sea-wave is a revolving planet, and in the infinity of the shining sands of the heavens we see but the regular motions of the atoms of the ocean of universal matter.

In physical science, therefore, all matter is one, and all matter is of one sort, and obeys but one law. Form, quantity, and number are the conditions which regulate the development and express the phases of that law, but in the visible phenomena of the material world we find infinite variety, which at first sight seems destructive of this unity and universality. The behaviour of

liquids and the behaviour of solids seem not only different, but contrary: the solid body not only has a definite shape, but preserves that shape, and resists with might and main any attempt to interfere with its form, its place, or its attitude. Another body, like quicksilver or water, runs, flows, can hardly be kept still save by the interference of controlling force. Who can say, then, there is resemblance or unity in the phenomena of running liquids and resisting solids? There is another class of bodies,—the air we breathe, the airs that suffocate, the hurricane that rouses the storm. Who will say that airs are like liquids, that the wind which blows is like the wave it rouses, that the breath of the zephyr is of the same matter as the leaves of the trees it causes to vibrate? Nevertheless, the oscillations of the storm in the air are the same as the oscillations of the wave it rouses, and the vibrations of the aspen leaf are modulated by the same law which propagates the gentle zephyr from place to place. The same cause working through the same means in the same way works out all these varying phenomena.

Thus then there is one vast region of our knowledge, the domain of physical science, where we have been able to determine that intelligence, order, and law reign undisputed and universal.

But there is another region equally vast—the domain of chemical science, which was at the beginning of this century the contrary of all this: where knowledge was ignorance, where universal difference reigned instead of sameness, and where still to a vast extent the unknown may be said to predominate. Of chemistry the great characteristic is that no one piece of matter is like any other piece of matter, that the things which surround us are all intrinsically different, that the matter of which a vegetable is made is not the same as that of which a crystal is made, and that, instead of there being one sort of matter following one universal law, there are thousands of sorts of matters following hundreds of different laws: so that, under exactly the same circumstances and under precisely identical influences, this piece of matter will exhibit one set of phenomena, and that quite another or even contrary set of phenomena.



The very essence of chemistry then is that matter is of infinite variety, that the laws it obeys are as various as the classes of matter they govern, and that prediction about matter is impossible until we have first settled the class of body to which it belongs. The chemist makes it his business to subdivide infinitely the sorts of matter of the world, and to determine by actual experiment in detail the distinctions and differences of every variety. "Nature is one," says the physical philosopher; "Nature is multitudinous," says the chemical philosopher. "Everything is alike," says the one; "Everything is different," says the other. "All obey the same law," says the physicist; "Each class has a law for its kind," says the chemist: "In the same conditions all will do the same thing;" "In the same conditions each will do a different thing." Happy for the world that these two philosophies exist, and not one only. Had the natural philosopher only lived, we should soon have got to the end of nature knowledge; had the chemical philosopher only lived, we should never have begun it.

Thus, to common sense and reason, the region of physical science and the region of chemical science are worlds irreconcilable; and, but for the aid of a few philosophers of broad views and deep thought, the whole world might have remained in two antagonistic divisions. Such men were Dalton and Faraday. These champions of the unity of nature brought into the domain of philosophic discovery that deep innate conviction which is at the root of true philosophy—that all truth is but one, and that all nature is the offspring of concordant, not discordant, thought. These men refused to believe that the laws of chemistry were exceptions to the laws of physics—that one law extended from the remotest regions of space down to the surface of the earth, and yet that, when we went into the inside, into the matter of the earth, we should find that what is true for the outside is false for the inside. They persisted in believing, and in making good their belief, that in nature there is no scale of great and little; that between the particles of a ball of clay there may be as much vacant space as between bodies of a planetary system, measuring in both cases the space and the absolute mat-

ter, not by the same fixed measure, but by the actual proportions which these bear to one another. On the outside of us, the telescope has realized the enormous distances which part planet from planet and star from star, but it has not yet been able to penetrate those vaster distances which seem to create in infinite space starry pavements out of golden sand. In like manner the microscope has penetrated into the hidden recesses of seemingly solid lumps of matter, and has revealed to us that the apparently solid lump of wood or stone has within it wide open spaces, of far larger area than the part of the substance which seems to be composed of solid matter. Thus we have been led to the conviction that in the minutest particle of iron or sand there intervene large spaces of vacant room to which the hard matter, as it seems from the outside, is but a crust, a shell, or an open network. Thus the twofold irreconcilability of nature without and nature within disappears under the strong will aided by the strong intellect that refuses to recognise in universal nature contraries or opposites.

Dalton's great doctrine was this: The opposites you seem to see in matter are seeming but not real: the changes of alchemy under which new matter seems to grow or to dissolve, under which new substances seem to be created out of nothing, are but the play of colour and seeming, and the change in the outside of things. Chemistry makes no new thing—dissolves no old one; the atoms are always there, always the same, and only by you re-arranged. When out of two gases you seem to make one different from both, the new gas is but the sum of the atoms of the old, and if you will apply the common test of gravity to all, you will find that all the atoms of the one added to all the atoms of the other make up the same sum as before; and although the two may not occupy more space than one of them did before, you will find that the atoms of the one have entered into the spaces between the other, and that the new substance consists of a body of the same bulk as the old, but holding the substantial particles of the two. But sometimes the transformation is even greater in appearance, though in reality the same. A sub-

stance twice the bulk of another may have its particles poured into the vacant spaces of that other, and there in each vacant space a pair of new particles will lodge in the chamber along with its original tenant, and so there will be three tenants for the original space; in that case the substance which seems a new one is merely the addition of two atoms of one to each atom of the other; and this "three-atomic substance" will testify to the presence of the additional matter by the fact that the weight in the same bulk is three times the previous weight.

That new qualities should grow out of such strange combinations, and that the eye, ear, and hand should no longer be able to tell that there remains in the new substance any of the old elements, is not at all wonderful to him who has tried to conceive how infinitely small the atoms themselves which compose matter must be. He who tries to draw a hundred lines in the space of an inch finds it hard to do, and hard to distinguish when done. When a thousand lines have been drawn in an inch, only a powerful microscope reveals their existence, but when each of these is again divided into a thousand, and the result is expressed by the word millionth of an inch, the division has already passed too far to be distinguished by the senses or conceived by the mind. Now, as far as the substance of things is concerned, we have reason to believe that the atoms of matter are far smaller than would be expressed by millions and billions and trillions, as divisions of an inch, and the words convey as little meaning to our minds as the proceeding to our senses. Nevertheless, there the atoms are, and there they can be recognised by the inevitable test of weight; and, long after they have vanished from our senses, Dalton has proved that, when the atoms of one substance take kindly to the atoms of another, they receive each other into their new home, they distribute the new guests symmetrically each into their respective chambers; that when the distribution is completed, nothing is permitted to disturb the symmetry of the arrangements, and the superfluous guests are summarily ejected. Even in these hidden recesses Dalton found nature true to symmetry, proportion, and weight; rigid in system, unbending in law; and thus the atomic theory became for chemistry in the hidden recesses of nature what gravity had become for astronomy in the gigantic scale of the celestial universe.

By creating the science of atomic chemistry, Dalton achieved two things. He gave to chemistry rank as an exact science,

but in so doing he deprived her of originality and creative power. She no longer makes new substances; she merely compounds, adds, distributes, separates atoms of old ones; and the question arose in the minds of philosophers whether the substances which chemistry calls different are substantially different, or only seem so. Are the half hundred substances which it calls metals really so many different kinds of matter, independent creations so radically distinct in nature that no one of them could be formed out of the matter of any one of the others, nor out of the atoms of two, three, or more, in any possible combination? If so, then matter is not one, but multitudinous, and to create a world it would be necessary to find not one matter merely, but some fifty different matters. Then there are a dozen non-metallic elements: are these in substance radically distinct from each other and from the metals, both in their essence and the laws they obey? If there be really sixty distinct substances, there may be also sixty distinct laws of nature, one for each substance, and the possibility of grasping chemistry by the human mind, of rendering it a thing reasonable and capable of being understood, is hopeless, and it will remain a sort of natural history, and never take rank as an exact science.

Happily for chemistry and for science, a large field of discovery has been growing in extent, has been rescued from the region of empiricism and added to that of exact science by the investigations of the last thirty years. A large domain of chemistry may be said to have been conquered from chemistry and annexed to natural philosophy by recent discovery, or, to put it another way, the chemists have become to a large extent students of physical laws, and have contributed jointly with the physicists to create the region of exact science known by the name of physical chemistry or chemical physics. It comprehends a wide space of ground common to both sciences; and a large portion of this new domain is due to the genius of Faraday, and has entitled him justly to this memorial inscription written by Tyndall, to which the philosophers of Europe will subscribe their names.—  
FARADAY A DISCOVERER.

The region of Faraday's discoveries, which entitle him to the gratitude of the human race, is mainly that mid-region between exact physical science and empirical chemistry. His great theorem is this: The things which seem so different are the same under different aspects; and the forces of matter which seem so opposite are but the

same forces acting under different conditions; one matter, one force, one law, in infinite variety of development. When Faraday first enlisted under Davy, in the Royal Institution, he found him engaged in effacing from received chemistry many of those varieties of matter which were then deemed different substances. The earths he had reduced to metals, and the metals to earths. Liquids he changed into solids, solids into liquids, liquids into gases, and gases into both liquids and solids. Thus a great region was reduced to law and order, and established as a domain of chemical physics. Liquids, gases, and solids no longer existed as separate substances; they were solids in the liquid state, liquids in the solid state, gases condensed into liquids, and liquids frozen or squeezed into solids. On this field Faraday entered heartily, and an account of his investigations was sent as early as 1823 to the Royal Society, and were continued up to the date of his second account in 1844. Although there remain to this day unsubdued liquids, solids, and gases, resisting the efforts made to change them into the other conditions, they are regarded as refractory exceptions, one day to be conquered; and the faith of philosophers is, that every liquid has its gas, every solid its liquid, and every gas its solid form. The same atoms spread out into an expanded sphere in the one case, are condensed in the other within a range which permits free motion at a fixed distance; and in the third are pressed into a closer range, where free motion is hindered by molecular forces that give fixed form.

The next range of inquiry upon which Faraday entered in this province of chemical physics was into the nature of those internal forces which regulate the distance of particles from one another, and give fixity to the attitude of each atom to its neighbours, and those forces which determine the symmetrical distribution of these atoms, and the conditions of their mutual action. What is the power which sends the particles of gas away from each other? What is the power which impels them to rush back into each other's arms? What law guides them to fall into rank and file, and range themselves round each other in hollow squares or hollow triangles? Why does each assume one attitude to its neighbour rather than another? and why at certain instants of time will a whole mass of atoms suddenly change front and form line anew? These were the laws and motives of the evolutions of atoms and matter which Faraday determined to discover; but, for the purpose of their discovery, his strong

spirit had to sustain a struggle so severe that the labour of wrenching these secrets from nature at last wore out a constitution of great original strength. The history of this struggle is long and interesting, and is given by Professor Tyndall in his interesting memoir.

The first inquiry as to the nature of those forces which keep the particles of matter at a distance from one another led Faraday into researches on the nature of heat; and it is scarcely necessary to say that on the threshold of this investigation heat as a substance disappears. Gravity is not a substance, tying together the planets of a system as did the crystal spheres of the ancients. Centrifugal force is not a substance, though it keeps the planets from falling into the sun, and the moon from falling on to the earth; nevertheless the centrifugal force of the solar system is as strong and real as the centripetal force of gravity, else the solar system and all its worlds would collapse. Just in the same way, between the minute atoms of a portion of gas, of liquid, or of solid, there act forces which keep the atoms apart, which draw them close, which keep them in place; and these forces fix the bulk of the form, and sway the masses of the matter with perfect freedom from contact, but with the same vigour of power which gives to the solar system permanence and shape. Heat, then, is not matter, said Faraday; it is physical force, it is mechanical power, it is motion; he might have said, it is the living soul of dead matter. Heat sustains the particles at a distance; and what we call the elasticity of matter is only the force or heat tending to keep them in their place, or restore them to it when a greater force from the outside has made a change. To heat a substance is merely to give greater motion to its particles; to cool it is to take motion from them; to give them this motion, motion must be taken from some other particles; to diminish heat motion must be taken from the particles and given to some other particles. Heat, then, is but hidden force or hoarded force; it is capable of rapid transfer out of one body into another, just as motion is rapidly transferred out of one billiard-ball into another. Billiard-balls don't change matter when they exchange motions; the moved ball is charged, the one which hit it is discharged, and brought to rest. The particles of a hot body are charged with motion, the particles of a cold body are charged with less motion; press the two together, and the particles clash like the ivory balls — one takes motion, one parts with it; motions are taken and parted with until atoms

share and share alike. Heat, then, is motion held, stored, imparted, given out; and dead matter within is alive with heat.

But if heat hold particles at a distance, fix their orbits, and give them definite motion, it does not follow that it fixes the attitude of a particle as well as its place. Faraday proved that each particle has its attitude: just as the moon chooses always to turn one side to the earth, and always hides the other from us, so do the atoms of every minute material system maintain fixed attitudes to one another. He studied the attitudes of those atoms with careful minuteness: he at last so mastered them that he could make them change at his bidding from one attitude into another, and in the end he found that in every kind of matter, particles have a preference for one attitude and a repugnance for another, and that the seeming difference of one substance from another may be merely the difference of the attitude which the atom assumes in one combination, from that which it assumes in another. Polarity of atoms is a phrase commonly used to indicate this peculiarity of attitude.

The magnetic needle which points to the north pole is a beautiful instance of the preference of a particle for an attitude. Faraday proved that this preference is catching—he showed that magnetic force is neither peculiar to one substance nor a speciality of the poles of the earth. Every atom of matter, like the earth itself, may have its north and its south pole, and may tend to incline its head to the north and its feet to the south, or in some other favourite direction. Magnetic influence is no peculiarity of iron or steel—all matter is magnetic—all particles of matter are individual magnets.

Magnetism in science is therefore no longer a thing or a quality, it is a pervading influence, it is an ordinary influence, it marshals particles,—biases them, and changes or fixes their attitude without changing their place. It faces them round to the north or south, to the east or west, and makes them stand on their head or their heels. Magnetism is the orderly force of matter.

But Faraday did more than discover the universality of the magnetic force; he turned it to use, and made it analyse matter. The happy thought occurred to him that he could use the ordering power of magnetism to separate particles of different kinds of matter which had become united together under one form. In the form of water, for example, he knew that there were two sets of particles, hydrogen and oxygen: he believed that these two ranks of particles were ranged side by side, but in different attitudes, one

fronting one way, the other fronting the opposite way; he poured into the substance of this compound body a powerful magnetic stream, sufficiently strong to release them from the attractive bond, and enable them to fly asunder; his anticipation was realized—all the particles of oxygen flew out at one end, and all the particles of hydrogen chose the opposite way out.

In the identification of magnetic influence with the electricity of the voltaic pile, and with the dry electricity of the common electric machine, Faraday played a great part, and the place which electrical influence now holds as a physical agent and faithful servant of the human race arose much out of his discoveries. But his thoughts were turned more to the elucidation of the laws of nature than to the modes of controlling these laws for human convenience. He threw broadcast pregnant seeds of truth into the minds of men ready to cultivate them for human praise. It was enough for him when he fathomed the secrets of nature, and dragged out of the recesses of matter a divine and luminous thought. That men should use these hidden forces as instruments of thought and knowledge, and make an iron wire, 4,000 miles long, the vehicle by which a human thought should be propelled in the form of a magnetic wave through a space equal to the radius of the earth, in a single oscillation lasting only a few seconds of time, is one of those marvels of science which no daily familiarity can render less seemingly impossible. But it is not the matter of the wire which carries the thought, it is the ordering influence of the magnetic power which changes the attitude of the particles at one end into conformity with the change of front effected at the other end, just as we can imagine a change of front produced along a line of soldiers successively by a word of command given at one extremity.

We believe it was the flood of light let in on Faraday's mind by these revelations of truth, that gave to the end of his life that afterglow which hallowed his declining years. He had ceased to work and act, and even to speak, but he had not ceased to see down deep into the very heart of things. Faraday died as he lived, philosopher and Christian, a proof that those who blame philosophy as hostile to religion know not the deep principles they censure. How could a man be otherwise than religious, who, at every step he penetrated beyond other men, found himself brought more closely face to face with the manifestations of mind constructed like his own—with aim and purpose intelligible to him—employing ways and means

clearly tending to an end, and methodically following out a system which he could both conceive and grasp? Such a man's whole life is one act of reverence to the Supreme Being in whose inner presence he finds himself continually illuminated and strengthened; and if there be revelation of divine things on earth, it is when the hidden secrets of nature are disclosed to the sincere and self-denying seeker of truth.

It is impossible to close Professor Tyndall's memoir without putting a question to ourselves as Englishmen. Do we as a nation appreciate and honour, during their lives, those great men who illuminate our minds, do honour to our race, and place in our hands the keys of such mysteries in nature as enable us to wield sources of gigantic power and national wealth? Faraday was one of a small band who added to our scientific knowledge a whole continent of truth, who have done for the future peace and wealth of the nation more than conquerors of kingdoms, or heroes of battlefields. Have we as a nation recognised these benefits, and done ourselves the honour of showing that we were worthy to appreciate as well as enjoy the free gifts which

his genius conferred upon us? I fear it must be confessed that we have not. It is not our wont to care for, consider, or secure the well-being of those who, in advancing the interests of the nation, do not take care at the same time to secure their own individual wealth. While earning countless wealth for the nation, Faraday's own income seems never, but in one year, to have exceeded the modest bounds of 300*l.* On that noble testimony of a nation's gratitude we left him to live and die.

In concluding this notice, it is necessary to guard against an injustice which, in the desire for shortness, I may seem to have been betrayed into. In going over the wide field of discovery in which Faraday worked, I did not stop to distinguish between those parts of the work which he did alone and unaided, and those in which distinguished men co-operated with or preceded him: but in justice I must add that he was one of a band of heroes whose names are to be found duly recorded in their proper places in Professor Tyndall's book, and whom it is probable we shall only begin to honour after their death.

KING THEODORE, it is stated, advised his captains to attack the British by night, but they declined, and descended to their deaths by daylight. Had they obeyed, they would have had a new proof of the power which science can bring to bear in aid of slaughter. Sir Robert Napier had with him an apparatus for employing the magnesium light on a grand scale. At a distance of 600 yards a bewildering blaze of light would have been thrown into the eyes of the Abyssinians, and the British, themselves in impenetrable shadow, would have shot down their lustrous enemies at leisure and at ease. The poor Abyssinians would have been helpless as herrings with the electric ray streaming on the shoal! It is hardly war, such a contest; but it is better that civilization should be armed, than that barbarism should be.

THE Emperor of the French has made his speech at Orleans,—and said nothing. He told the Mayor that the progress of his city "might be developed with confidence in the midst of the general tranquillity of Europe,"—but that was all; and even the Bourse fails to find much in that which is reassuring. The point of the speech, in fact, is its omission. With a loan to raise, and commerce stagnant, and industry depressed, and some forty-eight millions sterling

in the Bank of France seeking occupation, the Emperor did *not* attempt to remove the apprehensions under which, as he knows, all France is suffering. As he by no means wants her to suffer, it follows of necessity that he deems peace very insecure.

Spectator, 16 May.

THE effect of high prices in revealing new sources of supply for any article of prime necessity has this year received a new illustration. We have, according to the *Times*, imported in one quarter 1,241,382 cwt. of wheat from Egypt, or two-thirds of our import from the United States. Nevertheless, a failure of the harvest in both those countries and Hungary besides would not starve England, or raise prices to any unendurable figure, for at 70*s.* per quarter India could supply our whole demand without much feeling the loss. It is calculated that there are often 10,000,000 qrs. of fine wheat rotting in the Punjab alone for want of demand, utterly useless except to feed hogs, which the prejudices of the people forbid them to breed. If science ever succeeds in banishing the weevil from wheat ships, and preserving mutton for six months, the English people may yet be fed to the throat on flesh and flour at less than the cost of their present insufficient food.

Spectator.



From The Athenæum.

*The Earthly Paradise: a Poem.* By William Morris. London, Ellis. Boston, Roberts Brothers.

MR. MORRIS is a marvel of imaginative fecundity. While the impression left by his 'Life and Death of Jason'—a poem epic alike in its character and dimensions—is yet new, he gives us another poem, or rather a series of poems, extending to nearly 20,000 lines. Productiveness of this sort may in itself seem somewhat suspicious; for very abundant growths are seldom those of the greatest worth; but in the present case it may truly be said that the fertility exhibited denotes not the inferiority of the crop, but the richness of the soil. The care, the patience, the wealth of knowledge which the poems before us reveal, thoroughly shut out the notion of haste in their composition, though these merits may not be appreciated at their true value, simply because the ease and spontaneity of the poet in a great measure veil the arduousness of his labour. Perhaps, indeed, that should hardly be called *labour* which has been produced with such evident pleasure. The heart of the writer has been in his work, and its charm for himself will be one of its great charms for his readers.

'The Earthly Paradise' consists of legends derived from classical and mediæval periods, and set in a framework which belongs to the latter period. "Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway," says the author in his Prologue, "having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it, and after many troubles and the lapse of many years, came, old men, to some western land of which they had never before heard." Missing the "Happy Isles," the fair Avallon of which poets had fabled, the worn and disappointed wanderers find nevertheless some comfort in the hospitality extended to them by the rulers of this western country. In return for the kindness shown, the wanderers not only give the benefit of their experience in matters of polity to their entertainers, but twice in each month, at solemn feasts, relate to them chronicles either of the old northern world from which they came, or of those fairer lands the mythology of which was the early poetry of Europe. Amongst the tales recited we have those of the fleet-footed Atalanta—of the imprisonment and escape of Danaë, and the exploits of Perseus her son—the loves of Cupid and Psyche—of Admetus, his friendship with the god-shepherd and the devotion of Alcesteis—of the doomed Atys,

slain by the hand of his protector—and of the statue that woke to life and love at the prayers of Pygmalion. With these legends of Grecian mythology are interspersed others, which, as already intimated, belong rather to romantic than to classical song—stories of royal natures winning their upward way in spite of danger and impediment, as in 'The Man Born to be King'; of pride humbled and repentant, as in 'The Proud King'; of cupidity brought to ruin by its own excess, as in 'The Writing on the Image,' (a weird fable told with startling concentration and vividness of detail); the miseries that lurk in the enchantment of unbalanced passion, as in 'The Lady of the Land'; the punishment that awaits those who aspire to joys beyond the lot of mortality, as in 'The Watching of the Falcon'; and the immortal rewards with which spiritual powers bless their faithful votaries, as in 'Ogier the Dane.'

To give in our columns anything like a systematic analysis of these dozen poems, some of which extend to the length of an ordinary volume, would be manifestly impossible. Our comments upon them must therefore be somewhat general, and it should be distinctly understood that those which are merely alluded to are not less worthy of the reader's attention than others from which we shall select examples. One of the merits of the book indeed is that even and sustained excellence which makes it difficult to give a very decided preference to any of its contents in particular. The same qualities of which we had occasion to speak so highly in 'The Life and Death of Jason' are displayed here, with the advantage of that fuller exhibition which a variety of themes affords. Of the conscientious labour which Mr. Morris brings to his task, and of the grace which prevents the labour from being obvious, we have already spoken. But these qualities combined seldom result in such a happy fidelity to Nature—in such truly poetic reality as we have now to commend. It may be doubted whether any poet of our day equals Mr. Morris in enabling his readers to see the objects which are presented to him. It is certain, however, that this power has never been displayed on so large a scale by any contemporary. For instance, after accompanying Mr. Morris on the ideal voyage described in his Prologue, we feel as if we had travelled with him—as if we knew where this promontory juts into the sea, where that bay scoops the shore, what woods skirt the coast, what white walls gleam through them, what quays line the strand, what countrymen throng them, the

form of the hills and their position, and at what point we saw

— the Autumn moonlight fall  
Upon the new-built bastions of the wall,  
Strange with black shadow and grey flood of light.

Of this faculty of description, which combines the sharpness of photography with the atmosphere and colour of Nature, we give a few instances. Our first shall be from the life of towns—a picture of a plague-stricken city:—

It was a bright September afternoon,  
The parched-up beech-trees would be yellowing soon;

The yellow flowers grown deeper with the sun  
Were letting fall their petals one by one;  
No wind there was, a haze was gathering o'er  
The furthest bound of the faint yellow shore;  
And in the oily waters of the bay  
Scarce moving aught some fisher-cobles lay,  
And all seemed peace; and had been peace indeed

But that we young men of our life had need,  
And to our listening ears a sound was borne  
That made the sunlight wretched and forlorn —  
— The heavy tolling of the minster bell —  
And nigher yet a tinkling sound did tell  
That through the streets they bore our Saviour  
Christ

By dying lips in anguish to be kissed.

With this added glimpse of the afflicted town as the wanderers quit it:—

And looking down I saw the old town lie  
Black in the shade of the o'er-hanging hill,  
Stricken with death, and dreary, but all still  
Until it reached the water of the bay,  
That in the dead night smote against the quay  
Not all unheard, though there was little wind.  
But as I turned to leave the place behind,  
The wind's light sound, the slowly-falling swell,  
Were hushed at once by that shrill-tinkling bell,  
That in that stillness jarring on mine ears,  
With sudden jangle checked the rising tears,  
And now the freshness of the open sea  
Seemed ease and joy and very life to me.

Where, again, shall we find more faithful transcripts of pastoral scenery and the incidents of rural life than in the quotations which we subjoin?—

So long he rode he drew anigh  
A mill upon the river's brim,  
That seemed a goodly place to him,  
For o'er the oily smooth millhead  
There hung the apples growing red,  
And many an ancient apple-tree  
Within the orchard could he see,  
While the smooth millwall white and black  
Shook to the great wheel's measured clack  
And grumble of the gear within;

While o'er the roof that dulled that din  
The doves sat crooning half the day,  
And round the half-cut stack of hay  
The sparrows fluttered twittering.

Then downward he began to wend,  
And 'twixt the flowery hedges sweet  
He heard the hook smite down the wheat,  
And murmur of the unseen folk;  
But when he reached the stream that broke  
The golden plain, but leisurely  
He passed the bridge, for he could see  
The masters of that ripening realm,  
Cast down beneath an ancient elm  
Upon a little strip of grass,  
From hand to hand the pitcher pass,  
While on the turf beside them lay  
The ashen-handled sickles grey,  
The matters of their cheer between:  
Slices of white cheese, specked with green,  
And greenstriped onions and ryebread,  
And summer apples faintly red,  
Even beneath the crimson skin;  
And yellow grapes, well ripe and thin,  
Plucked from the cottage gable-end.

Nor is Mr. Morris less truthful when, turning from the glow and stir of life without, he enters some desolate interior—this cabin, for example, of a peasant who has just been bereaved of his wife:—

On straw the poor dead woman lay;  
The door alone let in the day,  
Showing the trodden earthen floor,  
A board on trestles weak and poor,  
Three stumps of tree for stool or chair,  
A half-glazed pipkin, nothing fair,  
A bowl of porridge by the wife,  
Untouched by lips that lacked for life,  
A platter and a bowl of wood;  
And in the further corner stood  
A bow cut from the wych-elm tree,  
A holly club, and arrows three  
Ill pointed, heavy, spliced with thread.

And how lifelike is this touch of character when the King's squire casts gold to the still mourning woodman, whom he bribes to part with his child!—

The carle's rough face, at clink of gold,  
Lit up, though still did he behold  
The wasted body lying there;  
But, stooping, a rough box, foursquare,  
Made of old wood and lined with hay,  
Wherein the helpless infant lay,  
He raised, and gave it to the squire  
Who on the floor cast down his hire,  
Nor sooth dared murmur aught the while,  
But turning smiled a grim hard smile  
To see the carle his pieces count,  
Still weeping.

Our later extracts are taken from the poem called, 'The Man Born to be King.'

a bright, fresh romance, full of adventure and vicissitude, and, irrespective of the glow of poetry which Mr. Morris has shed over it, riveting as a mere story.

Let the reader now contrast with the landscapes already given this sketch of seacoast that drinks in the soft splendour of a more southern sun : —

Far out to sea a certain isle doth lie  
Men call Seriphos, craggy, steep, and high :  
It rises up on every side but one,  
And mariners its ill-famed headlands shun ;  
But toward the south the meads slope soft  
adown,

Until they meet the yellow sands and brown,  
That slope themselves so gently to the sea,  
The nymphs are hidden only to the knee  
When half a mile of rippling water is  
Between the waves that their white limbs do  
kiss

And the last wave that washes shells ashore.

The poem from which we have just quoted, 'The Doom of King Acrisius,' might well detain us by its wealth of lovely description and by its marvellous events, told throughout with unflagging energy and with a genius as unstrained and capable in daring the "wonder-land" of mythology as when it moves amidst the simplicities of pastoral life. We must, however, pass over this charming poem, and over that of 'Cupid and Psyche,' which contains much that is exquisite, but which, like 'The Watching of the Falcon' (the only two poems here as to which a grave defect can be alleged), falls off in vigour towards the end. At 'The Love of Alcestis' we pause. What Mr. Morris can do in point of bringing home to us the features of Nature and touches of human character we have already seen. Our readers will ask for illustrations of that yet higher power exhibited in 'Jason,' which deals with the supernatural and with the nobler phases of human emotion. 'The Love of Alcestis' will supply the examples which they require. Without attempting a minute examination of a poem of which it is scant praise, because only general praise, to say that it is as rich and complete in form as it is fine in idea, we proceed at once to the parting of Apollo with the King, who has so long known him as a shepherd, and who has nevertheless caught at times indications of his glory through his humble disguise. The Divine Herdsman apprises the King that the farewell hour is arrived : —

Then rose the King, and with a troubled look  
His well-steeled spear within his hand he took,  
And by his herdsman silently he went  
As to a peaked hill his steps he bent,

Nor did the parting servant speak one word,  
As up they climbed, unto his silent lord,  
Till from the top he turned about his head  
From all the glory of the gold light, shed  
Upon the hill-top by the setting sun,  
For now indeed the day was well-nigh done,  
And all the eastern vale was grey and cold ;  
But when Admetus he did now behold,  
Panting beside him from the steep ascent,  
One godlike, changed look on him he bent,  
And said, "O mortal, listen, for I see  
Thou deemest somewhat of what is in me ;  
Fear not ! I love thee, even as I can  
Who cannot feel the woes and ways of man  
In spite of this my seeming, for indeed  
Now thou beholdest Jove's immortal seed :  
And what my name is I would tell thee now,  
If men who dwell upon the earth as thou  
Could hear the name and live ; but on the earth,  
With strange melodious stories of my birth,  
Phœbus men call me, and Latona's son.

He ceased, but ere the golden tongue was still  
An odorous mist had stolen up the hill,  
And to Admetus first the god grew dim,  
And then was but a lovely voice to him.  
And then at last the sun had sunk to rest,  
And a fresh wind blew lightly from the west  
Over the hill-top, and no soul was there ;  
But the sad dying autumn field-flowers fair,  
Rustled dry leaves about the windy place,  
Where even now had been the godlike face,  
And in their midst the brass-bound quiver lay.  
Then, going further westward, far away,  
He saw the gleaming of Peneus wan  
'Neath the white sky, but never any man  
Except a grey-haired shepherd driving down  
From off the long slopes to his fold-yard brown  
His woolly sheep, with whom a maiden went,  
Singing for labour done and sweet content  
Of coming rest ; with that he turned again,  
And took the shafts up, never sped in vain,  
And came unto his house most deep in thought  
Of all the things the varied year had brought.

The simple majesty of the god's discourse, the mysterious beauty of description when he fades from a divine presence into a divine voice, and leaves his companion to the sweet but humble sights of earth, so pathetic in their evanescence when compared with the heavenly splendour that has just disappeared, — these are things that the poetic appreciator cannot miss, and of which no other can judge.

Our last and perhaps finest extracts show the sacrifice of Alcestis for the husband who fears to die, and the fame which she earned. We will not say that Mr. Morris has treated the subject to the full height either of the argument or of his own power ; for throughout the poem Alcestis is kept somewhat in the background, and our knowledge of her feelings is gained almost as much from her silence as from her utter-

ance. Prominent amongst these feelings is a vague fear in the wife's mind lest she should in time lose the ideal she had formed of Admetus, who, she now finds, can prefer life even to love. Of this flaw in the husband's devotion, Mr. Morris takes a much sterner view than that adopted by Euripides, who treats the infirmity leniently, if not lightly. Accordingly, in the poem before us, Alcestis, when preparing to die, if not already conscious of a sad scorn for Admetus, has at least the apprehension that such a sentiment may arise. Though Mr. Morris, by the reticence of his heroine, has precluded himself from doing all that he might have done, he has accomplished with admirable beauty and pathos all that he chose to do. With the deep memories of past idolatry, and with some grief, as the dissolving enchantment shows the frailty of her hero, Alcestis lies down by his side, and buys the life of the sick man with her own:—

With that she laid her down upon the bed,  
And nestling to him, kissed his weary head,  
And laid his wasted hand upon her breast,  
Yet woke him not; and silence and deep rest  
Fell on that chamber. The night wore away  
Full gusts of waiving wind, the twilight grey  
Stole o'er the sea, and wrought his wondrous  
change

On things unseen by night, by day not strange,  
But now half-seen and strange; then came the  
sun,  
And therewithal the silent world and dun  
Waking, waxed many-coloured, full of sound,  
As men again their heap of troubles found,  
And woke up to their joy or misery.

But there, unmoved by aught, those twain did  
lie

Until Admetus' ancient nurse drew near  
Unto the open door, and full of fear  
Beheld them moving not, and as folk dead;  
Then trembling with her eagerness and dread,  
She cried, "Admetus! art thou dead indeed?  
Alcestis! livest thou my words to heed?  
Alas, alas, for this Thessalian folk!"

But with her piercing cry the King awoke,  
And round about him wildly 'gan to stare,  
As a bewildered man who knows not where  
He has awakened; but not thin or wan  
His face was now, as of a dying man,  
But fresh and ruddy; and his eyes shone clear,  
As of a man who much of life may bear.  
And at the first, but joy and great surprise  
Shone out from those awakened, new-healed  
eyes;

But as for something more at last he yearned,  
Unto his love with troubled brow he turned,  
For still she seemed to sleep: alas, alas!  
Her lonely shadow even now did pass  
Along the changeless fields, oft looking back,  
As though it yet had thought of some great  
lack.

And here, the hand just fallen from off his  
breast

Was cold; and cold the bosom his hand pressed.  
And even as the colour lit the day  
The colour from her lips had waned away;  
Yet still, as though that longed-for happiness  
Had come again her faithful heart to bless,  
Those white lips smiled, unwrinkled was her  
brow,  
But of her eyes no secrets might he know,  
For, hidden by the lids of ivory,  
Had they beheld that death-a-drawing nigh.

How fine again is the sad, elevated sweetness of the conclusion. Admetus gradually forgets her who has died for him: he is still the idol of his people:—

And though indeed they did lament in turn,  
When of Alcestis' end they came to learn,  
Scarce was it more than seeming, or, at least,  
The silence in the middle of a feast,  
When men have memory of their heroes slain.  
So passed the order of the world again,  
Victorious Summer crowning lusty Spring,  
Autumn with cleared fields from the harvesting,  
And Winter the earth's sleep: and then again  
Spring, Summer, Autumn, and the Winter's  
pain;  
And still and still the same the years went by.

But Time, who slays so many a memory,  
Brought hers to light, the short-lived loving  
Queen;

And her fair soul, as scent of flowers unseen,  
Sweetened the turmoil of long centuries.  
For soon, indeed, Death laid hand on these,  
The shouters round the throne upon that day.  
And for Admetus, he, too, went his way,  
Though if he died at all I cannot tell;  
But either on the earth he ceased to dwell,  
Or else, oft born again, had many a name.  
But through all lands of Greece Alcestis' fame  
Grew greater, and about her husband's twined,  
Lived in the hearts of far-off men enshrined.  
See I have told her tale, though I know not  
What men are dwelling now on that green spot  
Anigh Boeëis, or if Phœræ still,  
With name oft changed perchance, adown the  
hill

Still shows its white walls to the rising sun.  
— The gods at least remember what is done.

A word or two should be said upon the brief descriptions of the Months and upon the musings of the Wanderers, both of which intervene between the respective stories. Of these the former afford relief by fresh and graphic glimpses of the passing seasons, and the latter are written in a sweet and pensive vein, which, after the stir and interest of the narrative portion, floats to the ear like music caught from the sea in the momentary lull of the billows. That a diffuse page may now and then be pointed out, has already been said; it may be

added, that on occasions the rhymes employed are too obviously suggested by each other, and indicate difficulties avoided rather than difficulties overcome. But the wonder is, after all, that these faults occur so rarely in a work of such extent. The labour which Mr. Morris has accomplished would, if executed with only moderate ability, have been striking from its mere magnitude. But, displaying, as it does, some of the high qualities of genius—great riches of invention, an imagination that enters into the being not only of human but supernatural agents, unstrained pathos, vivid powers of description and a keen sense of beauty—it is an achievement of which the author may be proud, and for which the lovers of English poetry can hardly be ungrateful.

From Public Opinion.

#### DETAILS OF THE CLOSE OF THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

THE *Times*, *Daily News*, *Morning Herald*, and *Morning Post*, of Monday contain letters describing the battle before Magdala, the surrender of the prisoners, the capture of the fortress, and its destruction. The latest date is that of the letter from the *Daily News* correspondent, dated April 19, treating of the return of the army.

Late in the afternoon of Good Friday, King Theodore made an unexpected attack on Colonel Miward's force. Misinformed by spies, he fancied that only a small pioneer force was advancing with baggage to find a camping ground for the rest of the army, and 4,000 Abyssinians suddenly poured down the slope, charging boldly for the baggage, which at this time was on a hill at the head of a ravine.

#### THE BATTLE.

They knew not then of what those mule-loads consisted; but they knew it before half an hour had elapsed, for they had caught hold of the scorpion by the tail. In less time than it takes to tell it, a call was made for the 4th King's Own, and they were off down the hill at the double to meet the approaching wave; the pioneers had opened a vigorous and well-directed fire: the rockets of the Naval Brigade were spreading consternation among the enemy, the guns of Colonel Penn's mountain battery (shortly termed the "steel Penns") were in full play, and the battle was general. It was a fine sight to see the men who had been toiling all day without food or water,

and were now to all appearance completely exhausted, throw down their great coats, seize their rifles, and, wet as they were, charge down one hill, through a narrow ravine, and up another hill till within a hundred and fifty yards of the enemy, when volley upon volley from the Sniders proclaimed what could sometimes be but faintly seen through jungle and haze—that the harvest of death was fast being gathered in. The 4th King's Own were on the right, supported by the 10th company of Royal Engineers, the Beloochees, and the Sappers. From a hill in the centre the Rocket Battery kept its novel and destructive bolts flying now among the wavering crowd, now among the gunners on the bastion of Fahla; and on the left the Mountain Train and Major Chamberlain's well-tried and never-wanting Musbees from the Punjaub frontier worked right well together. Colonel Cameron, not waiting for the whole of his regiment to form up after passing the narrow ravine, took two companies and proceeded rapidly forward, leaving orders for the remainder to reinforce him on debouching from the gorge. This they quickly did, and, notwithstanding the difficult nature of the ground, the seven companies there present were in complete skirmishing order in an incredibly short space of time. Nor were the Engineers and the Beloochees idle. The Abyssinians had once or twice attempted to turn the right flank of the line, when the supports, wheeling to the right, drove them as often into a crowd, in which a rocket or shell would cause fearful havoc. When the retreat became general, the mountain train battery was divided, two of its guns being sent on with the pioneers, two kept in the centre, and two on the right front, at all of which positions the power and accuracy of these handy little pieces of ordnance were fully exemplified. It ought to be mentioned that the Punjabees, loth to waste powder and shot upon such foes, charged with the bayonet, killing their enemies by scores. Two companies of the 4th, which were on duty as baggage guard, did excellent service at the head of the Beshilo ravine.

The pluck of the Abyssinians is proved by one writer after another. To describe the fight after the Snider came into place, says the correspondent of the *Times*, would be only to describe a battue. Its sharp, short cracks, following each other in breathless succession, were the death-knell of the Abyssinian cause. The unfortunate foe had no longer even the shadow of a chance, but went down like grass before the scythe. How they kept their ground at all when



Sniders, mountain guns, and rockets had begun to get fairly at them is a marvel.

#### SCENE AFTER THE BATTLE.

The scene was very shocking. In one or two narrow gorges in which they had been pent up, fifty or sixty dead bodies lay almost piled together. Very ghastly were their wounds. There was a man nearly blown to pieces with a shell; near him another, the upper part of whose head had been taken off by a rocket; then, again, one who lay as if in a peaceful sleep, shot through the heart; next to him one less fortunate, who, by the nature of his wound, had lingered in agony for hours through this long night before death brought a welcome relief. Two of them only still lived, and they were carried into camp, but their wounds were of so desperate a nature that it was probable they could not live many hours. Strangely enough, there were no wounds of a trifling nature. All who had been almost at the point of death had either managed to crawl away or had been removed by their friends. With a very few exceptions it was a charnel place of dead, whose gaudy silk and coloured robes were in ghastly contrast with their stiffened and contorted attitudes. Among the few survivors was the commander-in-chief of Theodore's army, who was carried to the camp. He, like the others we were able to succour, expressed his gratitude for our kindness, and said the affair had been a complete surprise to them. They saw what was apparently a train of baggage without protection coming up the valley, and apparently had not noticed our small body of infantry upon the brow.

The night after the battle was one of extreme hardship, and by dawn every man was again under arms, ready for the assault. An unexpected event here occurred.

#### ARRIVAL OF CAPTIVES.

Early in the forenoon a small party was seen to descend from Magdala, conspicuous in which were a British uniform and a flag of truce. They were two chiefs from Magdala, with Mr. Flad and Lieutenant Pridaux, who had been sent to effect a reconciliation between Theodore and the English. Cheers announced their arrival in camp, which was soon in a blaze of excitement. Towards mid-day they returned to Theodore with the answer that he must surrender the captives unconditionally, and submit to the Queen of England. From this his proud spirit revolted, and he sent the same two once more, saying he would

never give the captives up unless the English aided him to regain his kingdom. Sir Robert Napier's position was an unenviable one; it is easy to see how his answer might affect the issue of the campaign, perhaps frustrate its success. He meditated long; but he played the Roman, and the messengers returned with no answer. It was a sad parting, but one that soon was turned into joy, for on their way up the hill they met Captain Cameron, Mr. Rassam, and all the others, except Mrs. Flad and some of the artisans' families. This morning another demand was made, the result of which has been that there is not to-night a single European captive in Magdala except M. Bardel, who represented that he was unable to leave in consequence of sunstroke.

Easter Monday saw the British forces engaged in storming the fortress. Captain Speedy was sent on in advance to proclaim that none who laid down their arms would be injured. Part of the ascent was an almost inaccessible track, fit only for one mule at a time, and up which it was almost impossible to convey the scaling ladders and guns.

It was a picturesque sight to see the long line of infantry in red, and green, and grey, with the mountain-train batteries on mules, and the Armstrongs on elephants, winding up the precipitous sides of the Falah and Islamgee, down which streamed thousands of Abyssinians, seeking refuge on the plain below until the storm of war should be over.

Not a shot was fired on either side until a party of 3rd Bombay Cavalry and the Royal Engineers had reached within about a thousand yards of the fortress. Then a body of horsemen, among whom was Theodore himself, rode out and fired a few shots, retreating under cover on finding that they were well within reach of British bullets. One bullet, it is said, struck the ground between Theodore's horse's feet. On the plain opposite the gates were found twenty of Theodore's cannon and mortars, which were instantly used against him. A desultory fire was continued for some time, and the signal was given for

#### THE ASSAULT.

During the last half-hour all the infantry had descended from the heights, and immediately the 2nd Brigade advanced, led by General Sir Charles Staveley in person. The 33rd were in the van, and to them was assigned the honour of leading the assault—a duty which they discharged in a manner worthy the fame which has for so many years

attached to the gallant corps. They were supported by the 45th Regiment, and the 1st Brigade (consisting of the 4th Regiment, 1st Beloochees, and Madras Sappers) followed at some interval. On reaching the foot of the zig-zag leading to the gate a few musket shots were fired from the walls; then our men halted, and for five or six minutes poured into the invisible defenders such an extraordinary and unparalleled fire that no soldiers in the world could have withstood it—no one who saw and heard the uninterrupted volleys will ever forget it, and the bullets rattled with even more frequency and vehemence than the hailstones which were pouring down with tropical violence at the time. It was a knell that must have made many a heart quake within. In five minutes more the leading files of the 33rd and their gallant commanding officer, Major Cooper, were knocking at the door for admission; but it was a formidable barrier—a door of immensely strong wood, three inches in thickness, behind it a solid wall of masonry twelve feet in depth, and then a second door similar in construction to the first. Major Pritchard, of the Engineers, was one of the leaders of the storming party, and to him was intrusted the honourable but perilous task of blowing up the gate. Ye gods! who can account for the strange things that happen? It is incredible, but nevertheless true, that when the powder was asked for, no one had it; it had been forgotten! The word was passed for pickaxes, and scaling ladders, but long before they could arrive the boys of the 33rd, eager to close with the foe, and by no means appreciating the fun of standing still to be shot at, clambered up the steep and dangerous sides of the precipice, and furiously tearing down the formidable fence which protected the topmost ledge (from behind which the enemy were firing) speedily effected a lodgment in the fort. A loud cheer proclaimed that Magdala was ours, and in the twinkling of an eye the British flag waved proudly over the much anathematized gate. The resistance was a mere nothing, and we lost not a single man.

#### AFTER THE ASSAULT.

All the troops behaved with the most exemplary moderation, and not a single outrage was committed by the soldiers. I would I could say as much (correspondent of *Post*) for their officers, some of whom engaged in the most unseemly struggle over the dead body of the King, and were misguided enough to forget their position and devoirs in a mad spirit of rivalry to possess

some relic of their fallen foe. Some allowance is due to the excitement of the moment, and perhaps it would be too cruel to gibbet their names in print, but the most emulous and indiscreet were those who from their years and rank were the most culpable.

#### SCENE IN THE FORTRESS:—A PICTURE OF THEODORE—HIS CRUELTY.

Once in the fortress, all opposition ceased; those who had fought while their King was alive now threw away their arms, and tried to look as much like peaceful citizens as they could; the soldiery crowded up, with the loss of nine or ten wounded, amid redoubled cheers from the women and tears of joy from the captives, who hobbled around as fast as their fetters would allow them, and kissed the hands and feet of their liberators. Close by the King's house knelt a gallant sergeant of the 33rd Regiment, with a file in his hand, and around him crowded a dozen captives, whose chains he was busily sawing asunder.

Of Theodore himself every correspondent speaks in terms of horror. The day before our forces arrived he had all the captives out, and before their eyes, according to the *Herald's* correspondent, put to death 340 prisoners, many of whom he had kept in chains for years. Among them were men, women, and little children. They were brought out, chained, and thrown down on the ground, their heads fastened down to their feet. Among this defenceless and pitiable group the brutal tyrant went with his sword, and slashed right and left until he had killed a score or so. Then, getting tired, he called out six of his musketeers, who continued to fire among the wretched crowd until all were despatched. Their bodies were then thrown over a precipice. The captives describe the usual mode of execution, by cutting off the hands and feet, as being a refinement of cruelty. A slight gash is made round the member, and it is then wrenched off by main force, the arteries being so much twisted that very little loss of blood takes place. The wretched beings are then left to die. The bodies referred to were found at the bottom of a precipice, a putrefying mass. It is stated that when the King heard of the terms demanded he made an attempt at suicide, but the ball which he fired at himself only grazed his neck. His body was found, not near those of his chiefs in the gateway, but alone on the hill above. It is said that as the chiefs were shot down he dropped his royal robe of silk to escape observation, fled from the gateway to a retired spot higher up on

the citadel, and there shot himself, putting the pistol into his mouth. From the plainness of his dress the body was not at first recognised, but, as soon as it was identified, and, on the approach of Sir Robert Napier, drawn forth into the principal pathway, an involuntary cheer burst forth from the soldiers around.

The *Times* correspondent says:—"His face seemed to me rather a disappointing one after all that has been said about it, but then it was impossible to judge properly after death, especially as the eye was said to be, from its fire and expression, the most remarkable feature. There was a look of bloated, sensual indulgence about the cheeks by no means heroic or kingly, but the forehead was intellectual, and the mouth singularly determined and cruel. A very strange smile still lingered about the lips, as if even in the death-throe his last thought had been one of triumph at having baulked his conquerors by dying a king." He was buried in the church in Magdala, the funeral being attended by a military escort of one or two staff officers.

#### APPEARANCE OF THEODORE WHEN DEAD.

From the post-mortem examination made by Dr. Lumsdaine it is ascertained that King Theodore committed suicide, although previously wounded. His lips and palate were burnt and discoloured with gunpowder, and the course of the bullet was clearly traced upwards to the hole at the back of the skull, where it escaped. His death was therefore a corroboration of the statement made to me by Murcha in December last, that if defeated the King would infallibly destroy himself, but he was mistaken in supposing that the European prisoners would be made away with first. Mr. Holmes succeeded in sketching a most miraculous portrait of the dead monarch before the body was removed from where it fell; a more speaking likeness could not be well imagined, and, if lithographed, as I understand is likely to be the case, every British taxpayer should possess a copy as a memento of the "little" prince, who, with the help of the "little" earl in Downing Street, involved us in a "little" war on behalf of some very "little" people, the result of which is likely to be anything but a "little" bill. Everything in the shape of plunder is peremptorily ordered to be sent in to head-quarters, and when each article has been sold by auction for whatever it will fetch, the proceeds are to be divided as prize-money.

We have also an account of the Queen  
LIVING AGE. VOL. X. 374

and her son. The so-called palace is a dirty rude cabin, in which were

#### THE QUEEN AND HER SON.

A kind-hearted private, finding himself in the neighbourhood of the palace, was prompted by curiosity to enter. Seeing the queen, his honest heart could only express his sympathy in the absence of an interpreter, by a few tender pats on the shoulder, while he told her that "Theodore was *mafish*, and she was not to be afraid." "*Mafish*," it may be mentioned, is one of the few words picked up by the soldiers, signifying "No." Her Majesty is a lady-like woman of about six-and-twenty, with very fair complexion, full eyes, fine aquiline nose, and beautiful hand. What most attracted attention, however, was her magnificent hair, arranged in neat plaits, and, instead of being tied in a knot at the nape of the neck, as is the fashion, falling in a cascade of glossy ringlets over her shoulders. Her dress was the simple white cotton dress of the country, gathered in a fold at the waist by a band. Theodore's left-handed but favourite Queen is altogether a different sort of woman—stout, dark, and voluptuous looking, reminding one very much of a fat Indian ayah. In the palace was a miscellaneous collection of "Europe" articles and tokens of a civilization which showed itself nowhere else—pianos, harmoniums, musical boxes, cartridges for breech-loading rifles, and, as the catalogues say, "a variety of articles too numerous to mention." The future of Theodore's young son must possess interest for many readers. He is to be placed by Sir Robert Napier under the care of the Rev. Dr. John Wilson of Bombay, to be brought up and educated at his excellent institution.

Sir Robert Napier offered Magdala to Gobaze, who is now the foremost man in Abyssinia, but he declined it, and the place was at once burnt. The only thing that makes Magdala remarkable—its unequalled natural strength as a mountain fastness—cannot be destroyed. Its artificial fortifications consisted only in a few yards of rough stone wall and palisade, which it may have taken an hour or two to pull down, and a very strong gateway defended by beams and doors of immense thickness, which it cost a few pounds of powder to blow up.

#### THE PLUNDER FOUND IN MAGDALA.

The correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"In the workshop of his European artisans there were, of course, many signs of modern civilization, though nearly all of a

practical, very few of a strictly ornamental or luxurious kind. Workmen's tools and huge glass tumblers, apparently of English make, seemed the principal articles of import, drinking being, next to fighting, the great business of a wealthy Abyssinian's life, and these, mixed up with crosses, censers, mitres, bells—the spoil of Gondar churches—Amharic Bibles, stray copies of the *Record*, odd volumes of encyclopædias, foolscap paper, old matchlocks, pistols, swords, powder-flasks, and percussion-caps, formed altogether as strange a jumble as it would be easy to find anywhere. The 'loot,' on the whole, has rather disappointed the captors. They did not expect much, but still it was believed that Theodore had both gold and silver treasure. If he had, it has somehow disappeared. By an oversight, no orders were given nor any precautions taken against looting, and there is little doubt that the moment the place was forced many Abyssinians, who knew best where to look, began to search for plunder. Next day an order was issued that everything taken should be given back, but, as many things had already changed hands, and handsome prices been paid for them as curiosities and relics of Magdala rather than for their intrinsic value, the order was unpopular, and I question whether it was

been very strictly obeyed. The late Emperor, too, appears to have behaved to his prisoners and artisans with a generosity which must have left him nearly bankrupt. Scarcely an article of real value has been found which is not declared to have been at some time or other presented by him to some one of them, which, therefore, does not go into the general fund to be raised, by the sale of all loot, for the benefit of the non-commissioned officers and men of the force. All these deductions will, I fear, make the proceeds of the sale very small. However, a few curious and valuable relics have been found. Mr. Holmes, for instance, who came out here as archaeologist for the British Museum, and who has hitherto had a singularly disappointing and unfruitful journey, was lucky enough to rescue a handsome crown, probably an archbishop's, and a gold chalice, bearing the following inscription in Amharic:—'The chalice of King Adam Segud, called Yasoo, the son of Queen Brahn Mogussa, presented to Kwoskwan Sanctuary (Gondar). May my body and soul be purified! Weight twenty-five wokkits of pure gold, value five hundred dollars. Made by Waldo Georgis.' The Emperor's own crown has also been found, and is, I believe, to be sent home to the Queen."

From the Milwaukee Wisconsin, June 1.

#### A CAGE OF WILD ANIMALS UPSET ON THE ROAD.

On Saturday night Bailey & Co.'s Circus and Menagerie concluded its engagements in this city, and about 4 o'clock Sunday morning left for Watertown. The teams drove along slowly, only caring to reach Oconomowoc by Sunday night, have a good rest and drive into Watertown Monday morning. About 12 o'clock yesterday the teams left the junction of the Watertown and Waukesha pikes, and struck the Pewaukee road. Those of our people who have driven on this road know the very bad condition the road is in, and will not be surprised to learn that the train-master urged extra caution on the part of the teamsters. He had just passed along the line, waking up the sleepy drivers and warning them, when it is supposed the driver of the team containing the cages of the lioness and her whelps fell asleep, for his wagon, passing over a bad place in the planked road, careened and fell into the ditch by the side of the road. The driver being thrown off struck a stone by the roadside, injuring him so badly that he let go his horses, who started, pulling the capsized cage with them, and dragging it over the rough road. The animals in the cage, awaking from

their slumbers, set up a terrific roar which frightened the horses, increasing their already rapid speed. Fortunately the horses broke from the wagon, and before going a great distance were hauled up by one of the advance teams. The affair created much excitement, as it was learned through the scattered line, and the other teams closed up to it, in order that the attendants might render assistance. Upon attempting to lift the wagon back to its place, it was found that the cage of the lioness was broken, and the train-master ordered it let down again until the tamer who had the cage in charge could be sent for. In letting it down a part of the cage caught the leg of one of the whelps, badly jamming it. Hitherto the lioness had paid no attention to the men gathered about, but when the whelp set up a cry of pain, the mother sprang up in anger. This set the whelp to uttering most plaintive roars, when the rage of the older beast became terrific. It dashed to the whelp, began licking it, and at the same time uttered those loud roars which have made it so famous. Becoming enraged at its treatment, it dashed to and fro in its narrow limits, throwing itself with full force against the sides of the cage. A couple of lions in an adjoining apartment became excited over the scene, and not only added to the confusion by their roars, but

strove to break down the barriers between the two cages. A gentleman living at Pewaukee, who was near the cages at the time, says the scene was one of the most startling imaginable. All the beasts in the capsize cages were yelling and striving to get out, while those in the vans which had halted near became frightened, and were uttering tokens of alarm in their peculiar manner. The horses, too, of all the vans, exhibited the utmost alarm, requiring the efforts of the drivers to look after them. Until some help arrived nothing could be done with the prostrate van, and it was left, while word was sent to the rear teams to push forward as rapidly as possible. Meanwhile the anxious drivers stood in fear that every moment the now furious beasts would break out of their cages.

As soon as word came to the band-wagon the camels and elephants were urged forward, and came up on a quick trot. But no sooner had the animals attached to the wagon come within the sound of the lions' voices, than they exhibited the most abject fear. The elephant threw up its trunk and blew a terrific blast—a blast that startled all—even those who had before exhibited no signs of fear. Its keeper bravely kept by its side and attempted to quiet its fears, but the massive animal was thoroughly alarmed. It seemed to be insane, and its yells were full of agonized fear—filled with terror. The camels startled—some attempted to break from their harness, while others fell down flat, all uttering a peculiar cry. The band-men leaped out, and while the keepers of the band-wagon animals looked after them, it was found that the lions must be quieted, or there would be a scene beyond control of all. About this time the lion-tamer came up and hastened to the cage. The beasts had become so excited now that they scarcely noticed him, but made redoubled efforts to get out into the open air. Had the tamer at this time lacked a courage which seemed akin to utter recklessness, the beasts would no doubt have succeeded in making their escape. Without fear he went to the cage, and very soon discovered the cause of the fury of the mother. He called the attendants of the team to his aid, but they were scarcely to be blamed when they did not care to venture too near. Two or three of them came, and with the assistance of levers separated the pieces of the cage so that the whelp extricated its foot. The mother, her suspense relieved with the release of the whelp, ceased her yells, and again commenced licking the wounded foot. The other lions seemed not entirely satisfied, and rather to enjoy the confusion they were creating. Reaching through the ventilator, the tamer struck one of them as heavy a blow as he could with a short iron bar, which seemed to send some reason into his head; and when the order came for him to move, he and

his companions went into their own apartment, ceasing their howls, but keeping up a low, indignant growling, like dogs. Observing this, the men came forward and raised the wagon to its place, fastening up the cage where it was broken, and the horses being attached, the team drove on.

While this was being done, it seemed as if the band-team would more than fill the bill which the lion family had attempted. Although the sound of the lions' voices could no longer be heard, its effect was left on the camels. Their keeper had detached them from the carriage, and had succeeded in getting them a few rods away. They now made no effort to escape, but lay down panting through fear, and apparently oblivious to everything around them. The monster elephant, also detached, seemed to be in a quandary as to what he should do. He slashed his trunk against his side with a dull but loud "thud," and then raising it in the air blew blasts upon it, before which all the trumpets of a band were as nothing. Just then had his elephantship known his strength there is no doubt he would have made it felt. But by soothing and coaxing he was at length quieted, and again attached to the wagon. The camels were aroused at length by kicks and blows, and the strange animals moved on, trembling in every joint.

---

"THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA."—An exceedingly interesting series of photographs, showing the remains of the seven churches of Asia, of the Revelation of St. John (Smyrna, Ephesus, Laodicea, Philadelphia, Sardis, Thyatira, Pergamos), and the adjacent sites of interest; Monument of Sesostris, Niobe of Mount Syllus, Magnesia of the Meander, Aphrodisias, Hierapolis, are now on view in the rooms of the Arundel Society, 24, Old Bond-street. They are the first photographs of these places produced, and were made by A. Svoboda, artist of the R. A. of Venice. Amongst the most interesting are those of Laodicea, including views of the Great Theatre, the Stadium, with the pyramidal petrified aqueduct, by the effects of the waters of the Lycus; the incrusting waterfalls, Hierapolis, and the Plutonium. At the foot of this temple is the water exhaling the deadly vapour mentioned by Strabo. Apart from the great interest of the sites, the photographs are very charming specimens of the art.

Builder.

---

THE memorial church at Constantinople, as designed by Mr. Street, is rapidly approaching completion.



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## DREAMS IN THE INVALIDES.

## I.

LONG had Napoleon slept afar in his Atlantic  
 "grave,  
 His tomb the isle, his vault the sky that met the  
 the circling wave,  
 The willow shivered in the wind, the sea-bird  
 wheeled and screamed  
 Above that last lone bivouac where the conquer-  
 or lay and dreamed —  
 There were none to feel the sweep  
 Of the thoughts that thronged his sleep,  
 Save the spirits of the tempest or the genii of the  
 deep.

## II.

Then said the King so politic who wore the Bour-  
 bon's crown,  
 " 'Twere well to lend our quiet reign some gild-  
 ing of renown:  
 "That name so terrible to kings shall work a  
 peaceful spell:  
 "Go, bring the hero back to France, 'twill  
 please the people well!"  
 So they bore him o'er the main  
 To his capital again  
 Which had throbbled with all the triumphs and  
 misfortunes of his reign.

## III.

They buried him beneath the dome that roofs  
 the warriors grey,  
 Who, in their youth, still followed where his  
 Eagles led the way;  
 All day battalions by the walls with drum and  
 banner go,  
 The ancient sentries doze above, the Emperor  
 dreams below —  
 And, responding to the sweep  
 Of the thoughts that throng his sleep  
 The troubled nation heaves as to the hurricane  
 the deep.

## IV.

His dreams are of his destiny, its splendours  
 and its gloom,  
 His fateful past, his purposes, how baffled and  
 by whom;  
 Souls which have struck such earth-fast roots,  
 borne such earth-shadowing sway,  
 Departed, still impress their will, nor wholly  
 pass away.  
 As his visions come and go,  
 Some of glory, some of woe,  
 Electric through the heart of France the mar-  
 tial currents flow.

## V.

"I hear the sounds that greeted me when I from  
 Egypt came,  
 Applauding Paris echoes back the army's wild  
 acclaim,

'Victorious leader of the host, 'tis thou shalt  
 rule the State,  
 The Conqueror of Italy shall fill the Consul-  
 ate!' —  
 And yet louder rolls the strain  
 As from red Marengo's plain  
 I step to loftier empire o'er the Austrian heaps  
 of slain.

## VI.

How long shall this tame monarchy my warlike  
 realm disgrace?"  
 Dark was that dream and ominous to Bourbon's  
 fated race!  
 Swift insurrection drives them forth as whirl-  
 winds chase the leaf, —  
 Again a French Republic hails a Bonaparte its  
 chief;  
 Nor ends resemblance there —  
 He gains the Imperial chair  
 With all its heritage of war, dark policy and  
 care.

## VII.

"Chill is the vision rising now, of endless  
 fields of snow,  
 All dark the sky save in the east the burning  
 city's glow,  
 The sleepless Cossack in the rear, in front the  
 wintry flood,  
 My legions sow the waste with dead, and trace  
 their paths in blood,  
 — 'Twas the crumbling of my might,  
 — 'Twas the gathering of my night,  
 A debt of ruin mindful France still owes the  
 Muscovite."

## VIII.

Not long the Second Empire waits unanswering  
 to the Dead —  
 "Let Moscow's dark misfortune be with glory  
 overspread!  
 The light of Friedland's victory upon our stand-  
 ard sits —  
 We saw their horsemen's backplates flash the  
 sun of Austerlitz!  
 There are triumphs yet in store  
 On that distant Eastern shore  
 Where, with the mighty Sea-Power leagued,  
 we'll beard the Czar once more."

## IX.

Green are the hills and grey the cliffs that rise  
 by Alma's flow  
 Where, like a belt of fir, the Russ awaits the  
 triple foe,  
 The cliffs' pale walls are swarming with the vol-  
 tigeurs of France —  
 Up the green slopes that volley death the red-  
 clad men advance —  
 And the Russians slow give back,  
 Like their bears before the pack,  
 Till, from the seaward flank, the Turk discerns  
 their flying track.

## X.

Onwards, her towers all bright against the Eux-  
ine's azure roll,  
The leaguering armies downward look on doomed  
Sebastopol;  
Their camps are whitening all the hills, their  
fleets cloud all the deep,  
Close the brown trenches undulate with fiery,  
fatal sweep,  
Till aloft in thunder fly  
Fort and battery to the sky,  
And Russia's pride and France's hate amid the  
ruins lie.

## XI.

"Thorn of my grave, ill friend, fast foe, false  
Austria breaks my rest!  
Austria, so prompt to parley with my foot upon  
her breast!  
So quick to rise, forget, new-plot, and deal a  
treacherous thrust! —  
Shall France forgive such perfidy, forego re-  
venge so just?  
'Twas my faithless Austrian bride  
In misfortune left my side:  
Poor Josephine had clung to me, with me had  
captivity died!"

## XII.

France bows before his will, like corn that feels  
the unseen blast —  
Down Alp and Apennine to the Po her troops  
are pouring fast,  
Pale Milan hears the cannon on Ticino's frontier  
banks —  
Brightens, as past her walls retreat her tyrants'  
broken ranks —  
Then all her bells ring clear  
And all her people cheer  
As follow on the Austrian tracks Guard, Zouave,  
and Cuiraissier.

## XIII.

Eastward they march, and round them lie their  
fathers' fields of fame,  
Whence seems to come his voice who gave those  
fields historic name,  
Castiglione cheers them, and Lonato bids them  
hail,  
From Médole and Arcola come greetings on the  
gale,  
Low down, where Mantua lies,  
The notes of triumph rise,  
And Rivoli, from yonder hills, in trumpet tone  
replies.

## XIV.

A hill-tower looks o'er Lombardy 'mid cypresses  
and vines  
Where far to right, and far to left, extend the  
embattled lines,  
Among the hills King Victor fights, by Garda's  
lake of blue,

Around the tower, along the plain, the French  
the charge renew,  
Still the foe that ground maintains  
Crimsoned with slaughter-stains,  
Such as in all the centuries have tinged the  
Italian plains.

## XV.

White on the hill lie Austrian dead, blue heaps  
below them lie;  
Still ring the shot, the cannon still from hill to  
hill reply,  
Fresh troops round Solferino sweep, fresh col-  
umns crowd the ground  
And upward press, till Austria sees the lofty  
stronghold crowned —  
Then her ranks dissolve like snow  
And in wild tumultuous flow,  
Leave the fair province, regal prize, to her Sar-  
dinian foe.

## XVI.

"What sounds of battle break my sleep? No  
dreams of conflict past!  
For empire, on Sadova's field, contend those  
armies vast:  
When, in such stake, had France no part? —  
Not doubtful whose the prize,  
A victor drives with swift pursuit a foe that  
hopeless flies,  
And the nations loud proclaim  
Prussia the first in fame!  
She whom I broke with single stroke, scarce  
left her even a name!"

## XVII.

She who, when vengeance burst on France, the  
deepest hate could boast!  
Who eager chased from my last field the wrecks  
of my last host!  
Shall France such rival brook?"

Response she makes

in accents loud.  
The furnace flames, the arsenal rings, to camp  
the conscripts crowd.  
Arm bared and weapon bright,  
She resolute courts the fight,  
And shows the daring challenger how terrible  
her might.

## XVIII.

France brooks no rival! Rather than in jeal-  
ous doubt remain  
She will unchain the earthquake and let loose  
the hurricane.  
Europe awaits the strife that shall the ancient  
grief renew —  
Will victory soothe the angry shade, and blot  
out Waterloo?  
Or across his troubled sleep  
Will dreams as ominous sweep  
Of his great enemy who sits enthroned amidst  
the deep?

H.

From Temple Bar.

MRS. MAURICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GARDENHURST."

## CHAPTER I.

THE kitchen at Orlesmere was old-fashioned, as was everything about Orlesmere. The walls were covered with symbols of past ages: huge flagons, deep drinking-horns, and black leathern buckets hung suspended from the side-beams, and large wooden trenchers stood in rows on the shelves. There was a little cupboard window in the wall near the door, through which it had been the custom for the cooks in the Orlesmere kitchen to pass the dishes that were ready for the table to the footman waiting with out, for it was considered an infringement on the cook's privileges that any servant unconnected with her own especial office should enter her domain. There was another window, a large one, looking out into the park, and near this stood a huge block of wood, on which meat was formerly chopped, but now its principal use was to enable short-legged damsels to take hasty peeps at the passers-by without.

This window was the one grace to the chamber. An elm-tree threw its boughs across the diamond-shaped lattice work, and in the spaces between the branches could be seen the long line of a noble avenue of limes, the path under which was nearly opposite to the window. The poor heated eyes that watched the kitchen hearth in the early morning would be tantalized by the shimmer of dew-wet leaves playing against the lattice.

The cool grey vapours that clung to the elm-tops; the fresh winds that stirred the avenue in one continuous ripple all down its misty length; the sudden shadow of the bird sweeping by the narrow panes; all these pleasant sights must have seemed unkind mockeries to the poor drudges compelled to pass the day in bending over stewpans and pastry boards, heated by the fire, and irritated by constant petty anxieties. But there was one woman who never permitted herself to be either worried or overworked—a woman whose attire was as spotless as that of any lady visitor to Orlesmere, and whose dainty fingers were never employed in any task more disagreeable than that of fabricating the most ethereal of soufflés, the most subtle of sweets, for her master's table.

This was the housekeeper and head-cook, Jane Maurice, commonly called Mrs. Maurice, for she was held in awe by her subor-

dinates, and in respect by those from whom she took what were called "orders," but which, when addressed to her, sounded very like requests.

No one at Orlesmere knew aught of Mrs. Maurice's antecedents. A bachelor is not apt to be over-scrupulous as to character, especially when the applicant for a situation possesses unusual attractions. Ere entering Lord Orlesmere's service, Mrs. Maurice had been the *cordon bleu* at a London club, and she boasted with truth that in those branches of her profession, to which she paid attention, she was unrivalled.

It was an evening in June, and all the western side of Orlesmere was red in the sun. The dim tapestry that hung in the corridors seemed to tremble into life at that heavenly visitation, and to be transfigured by that passionate welcome and farewell of the angel of light; the Dutchman drinking from a flagon caught bright gleams on his jolly round face and gold-wrought cup; the Spaniard kissing his mistress on a shadowed balcony, became all too visible to his jealous rival below; the quaint flowers, the alert hounds, the flying deer, the eager huntsmen; all these and many other devices, imaged by fingers that had been dust for centuries, were warmed into something resembling their old vivid outline by the sun's mellow light.

From a far-off drawing-room came the sound of a woman's sweet voice, singing to a harp. Sometimes a child's laugh, followed by the patter of little feet, broke not inharmoniously on the faint distant thrills of melody. Sometimes came a rustle of trailing silks down the corridor, and a passing hand would pluck out the contents of the potpourri vases, sending forth the sad fragrance of dead rose-leaves, as the fair owner looked wistfully from the window at the movements of a young man, who was talking to his dogs in the courtyard below.

Lord Orlesmere (for it was he who was caressing the pointers) looked up, and nodded to the occupant of the casement; he was rich, young, and handsome, and was betrothed to this young lady. Had he wished it, he might have spent a pleasant hour in wandering with her through his noble gardens, where red roses drooped their heads over the grey terraces, and downy-cheeked peaches nestled in their parent branches against the long range of the dusk red walls. But such is the perversity of man that Lord Orlesmere, after acknowledging his lady-love's greeting, sauntered away out of sight of the window, and was presently standing

at the kitchen door engaged in conversation with his housekeeper, Mrs. Maurice.

Looking at her as she leaned against the massive nail-studded door, toying with her white apron while she answered her master's remarks, you would never have suspected her of being in any way connected with the domestic service of an English household. She resembled rather a beautiful sombre-eyed Spaniard; her eyes were large and black, their shadow being intensified by the breadth of black eyebrow and long lashes; the forehead was low, the hair which rippled over it in natural waves was as blue-black as a raven's wing, and was gathered in rich shining bands round the head.

In such a face you see at first little but the splendour of night in hair and eyes, and indeed the rest of the features were not worthy of these her salient attractions. The face was short, white, and meagre; the nose slightly turned up; the lips pale and thin: neither was her figure symmetrical; the shoulders were too high, the bust too full, the waist too small. Her hands were delicate and white — "and no wonder, when she does nothing to blacken them," her less fortunate assistants were wont to observe. It was remarkable that her dress, always of clean cotton material, looked on her more distinguished than did much richer robes worn by the noble ladies who were wont to visit Orlesmere.

As she stood on this June evening, her cotton dress falling round her in pure transparent folds, the sun full on her wondrous eyes and glossy coils of hair, Lord Orlesmere swore in his heart "that a handsomer woman never blessed man's sight." The young nobleman was lingering near her for the ostensible purpose of announcing the advent of some guests to his table that night, when he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs behind him; and, turning round, perceived that his steward, Ambrose Hood, had entered the yard.

In this movement Lord Orlesmere lost sight of Mrs. Maurice's face. He did not see the joyous light that blazed up in the melancholy eyes. He did not see how every expressive feature — even down to the restless hands — spoke of some strong emotion, kindled by the sight of the blue-eyed, fair-haired yeoman.

Lord Orlesmere acknowledged his steward's salutation briefly —

"I wish to see you to-morrow morning, Hood!" he said. "Be here at twelve o'clock."

"Very good, my Lord!"

He was a handsome round-faced Saxon,

this Hood; his blue eyes seemed all candour and cheeriness; his fair short curls the perfection of boyish simplicity; but he was not quite so young as the curls indicated, and his face in repose showed lines of care which accorded ill with features almost infantine in their delicacy of outline.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs. Maurice?" His tones were clownish compared to hers, even when his intention was courteous; but to the woman looking up at him from the doorway his voice seemed the sweetest music that ever thrilled her ears.

"Come in, Ambrose, won't you?"

"Well, I don't know. I was passing by on my way home from market, so I thought I'd just let my Lord's foreman know how the beasts sold, but I didn't count on getting off my horse, and it's getting late!"

He hesitated. She looked up eagerly, but it was not her look that prevailed with him (although she thought it was): it was the glimpse he caught of a fair-haired girl moving across the passage within.

"I think I will come in for a bit," he decided; and giving his horse to a lad to hold, he entered the house in company with Mrs. Maurice.

"Come into my own sitting-room, Ambrose." "My own sitting-room" was a pleasant little chamber. Short white muslin curtains put a shroud between the hot sun and the comfortable chintz-covered sofa that stood near the window; a bunch of roses nodded their crumpled heads together in a blue jug on the table; a fly hummed drowsily on the window ledge, and a cat curled up in the sun was watching the fly stealthily with a look of gentle languor subduing the mischief in its eyes.

Mrs. Maurice ordered tea for herself and Hood, and then brought from a cupboard a basket filled with hot-house fruit and lightly covered by vine leaves.

"I plucked them for you myself," she said, with a look of soft exultation in her large eyes. "The gardener said he'd give me anything in the world I liked — and so, what I liked was to get these for you!"

Hood ate the fruit with a contented expression.

"Thank you, Jenny," he said. "I do think you're fond of me. I wonder what there is you *wouldn't* do for me!"

"There is nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you, and you know it!"

Her deep voice trembling with tenderness, the yearning love in her eyes, the caressing touch of her hand in his hair, all conspired to lure him away from the thought of the fair woman he had seen in the pass-

age; for an instant (while his vanity was touched by the evidences of her devotion) he almost believed that his heart beat as warmly for her as it had done in the first flush of his passion twelve months ago.

"Come out for a walk to-night in Good-man's Meadows," he said; "it was there you picked the cowslips with me last summer! Do you remember it, Jenny?"

"Yes," she said softly. "I always remember that walk!"

There was silence between the two for a few moments; in her mind some delicious fragmentary reminiscence of past happiness was intensifying the fullness of the delight with which his presence always filled her. As for him he thought of nothing, and as his conversational powers were somewhat limited, he betook himself to whistling and to turning over the contents of a work-box that stood near his hand.

"Halloa!" he cried presently, "what is this fine rigmorole?" A delicate gold locket and chain dangled between his fingers, and he was endeavouring to decipher an inscription on the locket's margin.

"That? Oh! that is nothing," Mrs. Maurice, cried scornfully, and she endeavoured to twitch the trinket from his hold, but he kept his hand tightly clasped on it.

"To my Queen Jeanette," he spelled out; "and might I ask, Jane Maurice, where you got this from?"

She stood silent and troubled — her eyes cast down, her hands pulling nervously at her apron-strings.

"These are not the kind of wages honest women get," he continued angrily.

"It was given me a long while ago, before I knew you," she said. "I never cared for it, nor for him who gave it to me, Ambrose!"

"And I suppose you'd have me believe that he didn't care for you either — that men give women gold lockets for nothing, and that I'm not the first fool you've deceived!"

"You've never been the worse for knowing me, anyhow," she said reproachfully. Then she came closer to him, and put her arms around his neck.

"I've never made believe to be better than I am, dear, and I never cared to be better until I knew you — then I wished I could forget every bit of my wicked past life. I was so afraid it would turn you against me when you came to know of it. I was better treated before I came here. I lived in a nice house and had servants of my own. I might have left this place twenty times before now, and been as much petted as I used to be, but I've got to love you so,

that I'd rather be near you when you're unkind and cross, than with those who make a queen of me. I've been a good woman since I've known you, Ambrose. When you first kissed me I blushed as red as though I had never felt a man's lips near my cheek before; I seemed to grow modest and pure from that moment. All my past life was like a bad dream, and the joy of your love was the bright sun that cleared all the foul black clouds away. Oh, Ambrose! I have seemed to have a heaven in my heart since the day I plucked cowslips with you in the meadows. Do tell me that you forgive me — that you're as fond of me as you were before. I'll fling the locket into the pond if you like — for matter of that I would fling myself there if it would please you."

Perhaps he was flattered by the evident sincerity of her emotion — perhaps he did not care sufficiently about the subject to be implacable — for the frown cleared away from his brow as she spoke. He had that sort of feeling about Margaret, the fair-haired house-maid before mentioned, that he would have knocked down any man he had seen presenting her with a love token. But when love is on the wane in a man's breast the tension of selfish passion is relaxed, and having been exacting for his own pleasure, he became magnanimous at his mistress's expense.

"Oh! I don't mind; it's all over now!" Hood said graciously. "Now, tell us. Whom have you got in the house to-day?"

She did not detect the flaw of indifference in his kindly tone; it is, perhaps, in revenge for his own infirmity that Love strikes his devotees blind with the incommunicable glory of the passion he wakes in them.

She enumerated, at his request, the names of the guests who were staying in the house. "There's the Duke and Duchess of D —, the Marquis and Marchioness of H —, the Hon. Mrs. C. S —, and lots of other ladies with grand names; but I don't believe any of them are much better than — than I am myself (at least, not if you believe what they say of one another). Then there's Lord H. P —, and the Duke of X —, and Mr. Hardware, my Lord's family lawyer."

Looking up with her great eyes full of love into Hood's face, Mrs. Maurice was startled to see how pale he suddenly became.

"Mr. Hardware! What the d — I has he come for?"

"Didn't you hear my Lord say he wished to see you at twelve o'clock to-morrow? The butler tells me he has heard nothing lately



but of settlements, and going over all the estate accounts. My Lord is going to be married, you know."

"It must not be, it can't be," Hood cried in great agitation. "I am not prepared, I can't —"

He paused. Mrs. Maurice was pained by the blank look of dismay in the blue eyes — the pinched and weary lines of the fallen mouth. In that moment the man seemed to have grown ten years older.

"What is it, Ambrose?" she asked anxiously. "What is it annoys you? Is there nothing I can do? Can't I help you?"

"No!" he cried savagely. "Unless indeed you could get my Lord to put off going over his accounts until I am out of the country."

"Until what?"

"Until I've left England," he repeated, sullenly.

"You will take me with you?" she said, with eyes that questioned him even more keenly than words could have done. A woman who loved him less would have received this intelligence, so abruptly given, in different fashion. His mother would have overwhelmed him with clamorous grief and vague reproaches, his sister with curious inquisitive questions and sterile lamentation; but this woman's searching inquiry came straight from her heart.

"And you will take me with you?"

To himself Hood said, "More likely I'd take Margaret," but aloud:

"Oh! of course." At that moment they saw Lord Orlesmere recrossing the yard on the way back to the kennels. Mrs. Maurice looked indifferently at the high-bred beauty and at the refined demeanour of the man outside. Her eyes were filled with but one image. Could the Apollo descend from his immortality in marble, and walk past the Titanias of this earth; I wonder how many of them would deign to raise their lovely eyes from the contemplation of Bottom's hirsute face to render homage to the pure beauty of the Grecian god.

Mr. Hood watched his master with more interest, and shrank into the shadow as he noted that Lord Orlesmere was approaching the window; he did not wish my Lord to be reminded of his steward's existence just now.

Lord Orlesmere sauntered up to the casement, and then signed to Mrs. Maurice to open it. She looked involuntarily at Hood, and reading "Yes" in his eyes, she unfastened the hasp of the casement, and let in a gust of warm June air, and a letter.

When Lord Orlesmere perceived that

she had picked up the slip of paper which fluttered to her hand, he strolled away again without looking towards the window — probably he did not wish his proceedings to be noticed. He had not seen Hood, whose face was in the shadow, and had fancied that Mrs. Maurice was alone in her room.

She crimsoned with shame as her lover quietly possessed himself of the paper, and read as follows:

"Meet me to-night at the summer-house behind the Limes at eleven o'clock."

"I never gave him the right to do this. I never did, Ambrose, upon my word. He's a mean, false hearted —"

"He's my master, and he's going over my accounts to-morrow, Jenny," interrupted Hood. "I—I—wish you'd go and meet him."

"You wish me to go?"

"Yes; you might try to put him off this business of the settling accounts to-morrow. If he'd only leave it alone for a few days it would be everything to me. Talk of time being money, it's more than money; it's bread and meat to a man in difficulties. Just now you said you'd do anything in the world for me, and this is the moment to prove it."

"I never thought you would ask me to do a thing like this," Mrs. Maurice said in a tone of keen reproach: great Love gave her a sort of spurious modesty, and she felt that he who had created the feeling should not be the one to trample it down. "I couldn't ask you to have love meetings with another woman."

"But it needn't be a love meeting," Hood said soothingly. "You need only promise. You can break your word afterwards, you know; and oh, Jenny, if you could only persuade him to do what I've told you, it would be the saving of me!"

He kissed her as he spoke, and added in a well simulated tone of affection, "By the time he reminds you again of your promises, darling, we two will be far away over the sea."

"I'll do it," she said, returning his kiss passionately. "I'll do that and more for you, Ambrose!"

He embraced her again, with real gratitude animating the caress. Then he bade her good-bye.

"But first just step across the yard," he whispered. "I don't want my Lord or that d——d Hardware to see me."

Mrs. Maurice obeyed his request. Hood waited until she was well away from the door, and then he rushed back into the pas-

sage and caught hold of fair-haired Margaret, who was passing "quite accidentally," she said.

"Dear me, Mr. Hood, how you flurry me!" was that damsel's remark, as Hood walked off, leaving her with flushed cheeks and cap awry.

As he crossed the yard he whispered to Mrs. Maurice, "Good night, darling;" then in an impressive tone, "Don't forget you are to meet him at eleven." He jumped on his horse and rode down the park without turning his head, and the black appealing eyes watched him until the red blaze of the setting sun swam like a lurid mist before them, and then wiping away the hot tears from her lids, she returned to the house, and was once more the haughty, arrogant (and in her own domain the absolute) Mrs. Maurice.

When it was eleven o'clock she tied a red handkerchief round her wealth of hair, and went through the cool glooms of the avenue towards the appointed spot. The skies were thick with stars that night; the air sweet with the scent of hay that came up from the far-off misty pastures. No sound could be heard, except the distant bark of a dog, or the plaintive cry of a deserted fawn, entreating in fawn language that its mother should cease nibbling the grass, and bring the comfort of its warm brown speckled body to its shivering offspring. There was nothing in that scene boding evil or distress.

It had been better had the sky been red with lightning and the air thick with storm, for then perchance the appointment might have been broken, and a great crime spared.

Again it was afternoon at Orlesmere; the sun shone as hotly as yesterday on the grand old towers — the breeze rose in sighs and sank in whispers as sadly, as playfully through the lime-boughs — and the stream that ran through Lord Orlesmere's woods whirled in the breeze and sparkled in the sun, as if it were enraptured by the sense of its own petulant liberty and restless grace. But within the house had fallen the hush of an awful sorrow; no echo of childish prattle, no snatches of song, came out of the black shadows of the rooms above and below, now darkened by the presence of death. Pale, awe-stricken faces passed slowly to and fro the corridors, and the tremulous pause of sobbing voices betrayed the secret of Lord Orlesmere's bedchamber. He lay there dead — his soul with its Creator — his eyes turned away for ever from the gaze of lover or friend! His mother's

visage was hanging over him contorted with anguish. His betrothed was wasting out her eyes in tears at his feet; and his brother was looking at him with a fierce yearning gaze, as though entreating the cold lips to yield up the name of him who had thus robbed them of the joy of life and love. The calm face could make no sign; there was no trace of suffering left to disturb its impassive sweetness. But for the dull red clot under the hair that waved over his left temple, you would have said that Lord Orlesmere had died a painless death, "By the visitation of God!"

He had not been missed for several hours after he had sauntered down the lime-walk to keep his appointment with Mrs. Maurice. He had excused himself to his guests on the plea he had important letters to write, and he told his valet that he should not require his services any further that night. So the guests sang, talked, and laughed, and the servants made merry in the servants' hall, — each happily unconscious of the fact that the host and master was lying on his back in the thick grass behind one of his pleasure-houses, the death-sweat on his face and a bullet through his brain.

He lay there the whole night, untended and unsought for — his eyes were turned upwards, but he could not see the bright stars grow pale through the fir-branches above his head; he could not hear the busy clamour of the rooks, when the grey morning dawned; could not feel the sweet fresh air that shook the dew-drops on his cheek and showered the petals of the lilacs over his motionless hands.

The air was glad with the sounds of life; but his voice might never again awake the echoes in those dim woodlands — never more give welcome, nor answer greeting. They had found him at eleven in the morning: now it was afternoon, and Mrs. Maurice was sitting alone in the little room where she had entertained her lover on the previous day. Her eyes looked more sombrous than ever, from the deadly pallor of her cheeks; she was pale at all times, but to-day her face was livid. She gave, however, no other outward sign of trouble; she did not wail with the noisy grief of the other women-servants — she neither wept nor raved. There was that in her mind which defied the power of human lineaments to express. She sat and furtively watched the muslin curtains, as though she expected to see Lord Orlesmere's shadow again pass the blind. No one knew of her appointment with the dead man, nor was it her intention at present to enlighten Mr. Hardware on this subject; for it was that gen-

tleman who was most active in sifting every circumstance that could possibly lead to the discovery of the murderer.

The general suspicion pointed to poachers. It was supposed that Lord Orlesmere had in the course of a moonlight ramble come upon an enemy of his hares and pheasants, and had been shot, either accidentally in a scuffle, or purposely, under the supposition that he was one of the keepers. No one knew what other probable motive to assign for the murder of a man so popular and so beloved in the neighbourhood.

It is possible that no other solution of the mystery would ever have been suggested, had not a little shepherd-boy happened to lose his footing on a plank crossing a ditch, which was situated about two hundred yards from the spot where the body was found. The child fell to the bottom of the ditch, and in his struggles to regain his footing, amongst the dead leaves and black water, his hand struck against a metallic substance; feeling surprised at the touch of something which his country-bred fingers told him was very different from the roots of trees or embedded stones, he dug it up; and, running with his prize to his father, announced that he had "found this thing in the ditch!"

Mrs. Maurice was still seated at her window when she observed a labouring man walking hurriedly up to the back door, and noted that he held something in his hand which flashed in the sun as he passed. When he drew nearer, she saw what it was; and the cold grip on her heart seemed to tighten, as she whispered to herself—"It has come!"

She heard the babble of eager agitated voices, which surrounded the man after he had been a few seconds in the house, and she understood by the silence which succeeded that the labourer had been taken to the library to see Mr. Hardware. Then she heard the butler speak, "It's my Lord's own pistol! that's the odd thing about it! one which he had sent to London to be repaired!"

"And how could it have got into the ditch, then?" some one asked.

"God only knows!" the butler answered, solemnly. "George (the valet) says my Lord gave it to one of the keepers a few days ago, telling him to send it to town the first opportunity. The keeper is out for a holiday; but he has been sent for, and will arrive some time to-night. George says that the keeper told him the pistol was already repaired, and was coming down again yesterday."

"Then the story of the pistol lies be-

tween George and the keeper?" the voice asked again.

"Yes; or perhaps the person to whose care the keeper confided it when he sent it to the gunsmith's—a great deal turns on that."

"A great deal!" said Mrs. Maurice to herself, with a deep-drawn sigh; "they are on the track now."

She looked round the room, and wondered to see how little changed it was since yesterday; a few more rose-leaves had dropped round the blue jug—the cat had put an end to the blue-bottle's drowsy existence by a succession of playful pats, and was purring out its content in the sun—but otherwise all was unaltered; and, catching sight of the locket dangling over the workbasket, Mrs. Maurice half-smiled to think how slight was the cause—how insignificant the anger—which had disturbed yesterday's interview with her lover. She always liked to sit in this room for some days after it had been tenanted by Ambrose Hood. She revived in her day-dreams all the dead sweetness of his past visit; she would fill the air with his voice, until her heart bounded and her breath came quick; she would flush at the fancied touch of his lips, and wince at the memory of some unkind look in his eyes.

But to-night other thoughts occupied her mind.

"Will it never grow dark?" she asked herself impatiently.

A few hours later she stole away unperceived from Orlesmere, under cover of the darkness, and walked rapidly towards the Home Farm, as Ambrose Hood's residence was called.

When she arrived at his door, she flung some gravel softly against the window.

A blanched face peered out from a casement above, and looked cautiously round to see if any one were observing the late visitor to the farm; then the door opened quickly, and Mrs. Maurice passed in.

She knelt down by the low-burning fire to warm her chilled frame, and then she turned her pale face towards her lover.

"Oh, Ambrose! why have you not gone?"

It is impossible to describe the accent of despair that rang in her broken voice. But even now, tenderness for him shone through her terror-stricken eyes and beamed on her haggard face. No physical prostration, no mental distress, could ever dim the expression of love as supreme as hers.

"How could I?" he said sullenly. "I

was too late for the mail-train — after — after it was all over; and when it was known, it wouldn't have been safe for me to go in such a hurry. I might have been stopped!"

"Ambrose! they have found the pistol!"

Hood leapt from his chair as though he himself had received the pistol's charge in his heart; but the woman put her arms round him, and drew him back to his seat.

Then she threw herself on his bosom.

"Oh, Ambrose!" she cried, "don't look so awful; I am going to save you, dear! No one will think of you — no one will dare to touch you."

His lips clove to each other — he could not speak; but his scared eyes asked the question, "How?"

She tightened her arms round him, and with her full eyes streaming on him all the glory of her sacrifice, cried:

"Because, dear, if worse comes to the worst, I am going to take it all on myself! Love me a little, Ambrose — kiss me to-night, for by to-morrow there won't be a soul who would touch my hand, because of what my love for you will make me say! Kiss me again, Ambrose, as if you loved me; and, whatever comes to-morrow, I wouldn't change places to-night with the happiest queen in Christendom!"

## CHAPTER II.

### MRS. MAURICE'S CONFESSION.

"THERE had been love passages between my Lord and me, and my heart was very sore, when I heard he was to be married. When a man makes your heart all aflame with love for him, he cannot put it out again by cold looks — he only makes the fire the hotter, and the pain the sharper; and, even if he tramples out love, he leaves revenge amongst the ashes. When I heard my Lord was going to take another woman to his arms, I said to myself, 'I'd rather he were dead!' A mother wouldn't like to see her babe fondling another woman's breast — a husband wouldn't fancy that his wife should look love into another man's eyes. But none of these feel so bitter as she who can never think of the man she loves without remembering that his heart is turned from her! It is hard to love the very sound of a man's voice — to thrill and tremble at a look from his eyes, or a chance touch from his hand — and yet to know that he don't think of you when he speaks — doesn't see you when he looks — is scarcely conscious when he touches you — all because another woman has stolen

your old happiness, and is wearing it new in her breast.

"My Lord wrote to me on the afternoon before his death, asking me to meet him that night in the summer-house behind the limes. (I have given Mr. Hardware the note.) I went there at 11 o'clock P.M., taking with me a pistol which belonged to Lord Orlesmere. Hood, the steward, had given me the pistol that day, asking me to put it into the hands of the valet to take to his master's room. It was the pistol that had been sent to town to the gunsmith's, and Hood had brought it from the station. When Hood was gone I took the pistol myself up to Lord Orlesmere's sitting-room, and then I took it out of its case and loaded it. I knew how to load a pistol, because my Lord taught me in the days when I used to keep him company in the shooting-gallery. I loaded this one, and then went out to keep my appointment.

"I am not going to tell you all we talked about. It is enough for you to know that I tried to put him off his marriage. I begged and prayed him at least to postpone it; but he said he couldn't, and somehow or other, in an instant — I knew no more — there was a flash and a bang, and my Lord fell back heavily amongst the branches. He cried out something as he fell; I couldn't quite hear what it was — the boughs made such a rustling — but it sounded like "Oh God — help!" Then I knelt down by him a moment, but he did not speak again. I felt sorry for him, and sat holding his hand until it grew cold, and then I got frightened and came home. This is all I have to say. I had not meant to confess; but, when I heard that the pistol was found, I knew that it would be traced to me, I knew that Hood's evidence would hang me."

Such was the substance of the document by which Jane Maurice swore away her character and her life. It is strange how much that was circumstantially correct she contrived to retain in a statement so utterly at variance with the truth.

When her confession was made known, popular feeling against her became so violent that it was with difficulty she was removed with safety to the county gaol; and even her steadfast heart would have failed her when she heard the shouts of execration which pursued her on her way, had she not remembered that it would have been far more terrible to her to see Hood endure this than to suffer it herself.

She had made but one request to her lover; he was to see her as often as the law would permit. Hood swore that he would come to her frequently; and the thought of

his vow, and the kiss which accompanied it, served to strengthen her in the dreary hours of her first night in prison.

It was night — the last night Jane Maurice was ever to see close over the red rifts of cloud in the west. Involuntarily she listened to a bird singing on the window-ledge without, and to the babble of the children playing in the fields behind the prison. A strange awe filled her breast as she remembered that, before another evening's sun shone on bird and child, the blackness of night would have closed over her for ever.

The poor sinner did not dare pray for the eternal light which awaits the pure in soul. She did not think she could be forgiven the foulness of her past life. Even if she had had faith in the large mercy of God, her thoughts were still so cumbered by earthly desires, her heart was beating so turbulently for love of Lord Orlesmere's murderer, that she felt she could not lay her soul open to Heaven as one anxious and fit to be shaven.

She was calm and composed, excepting when she heard any steps outside the door, and then her pale lips opened as if to enable her to breathe more quickly, until all was silent, and hope was again dull in her heart.

Hood had failed to keep his word, and hitherto no friend had visited the convict — no kind look, no pitying tone, came to break the dumb horror of these prisoned hours. Every lapsing minute brought her nearer to the shadow of her impending doom. She did not suspect Hood of treachery, her faith in him was so large. She felt certain he would have come, had it been possible.

But when this last night closed in, and the thought grew upon her that she must die without knowing the comfort of one more kiss from his lips, one last look from his eyes, she turned her face to her pillow and wept, as only the utterly desolate and forlorn of heart can weep. Nothing stood before her and the black horror of a shameful death save the few remaining hours of the night.

She fancied she could already see the rigid outline of the gallows looming against the grey sky — she thought that she could feel the rope tightening round her throat — she suffocated at it in idea, and fell into such a fit of shivering that she was forced to beg for a composing draught, saying she feared her strength would quite fail her on the morrow if she did not obtain rest now. They granted her request, and after awhile the fierce anguish died away from her eyes,

and her drawn lips relaxed in the soothing calm of sleep.

No shadow of the gallows, no vicious or impure memory, came to mar the divine peace of these her last earthly dreams.

She fancied she heard the patter of falling chestnuts, that she and a little sister were filling their purple aprons with the gold brown fruit, and then the patter of the fruit turned to the drip of rain amidst the leaves, and their father's voice called to them to run into the house. Presently she was lying in her little bed at home — she was looking at a familiar print of Red Riding Hood on the opposite wall, and felt a vague tremor of pleasure at seeing it again, — then her mother's voice stirred her, calling, "Get up, dear! it's a lovely morning. Listen how the birds are singing. Wake up, Jenny!"

And Mrs. Maurice awoke — awoke to hear the birds' faint twitter ushering in the dawn of day — awoke to remember that twenty-five years lay between now and the time when she last heard her mother's voice, and that the crowd was already gathered thickly in the town to see Jenny die.

The attendants besought her to see the chaplain — to "let her last thoughts be with God" — but she shook her head.

"My last thoughts will not be with God, and so I dare not pray to Him." They ceased urging her, and proceeded to prepare her for execution.

The clergyman himself made one more effort.

"Think of your immortal soul," he said. "Reflect, that you are going into eternity without a prayer to mitigate the severity of what may be eternal punishment."

"If He inclines to mercy He will consider the frailty of his creature without the intervention of my weak words," Mrs. Maurice said. "It is of no use for me to trouble Him with lip-service when my heart never lets go of one thought."

"I hope that the thought is repentance and sorrow for the poor murdered man's untimely end," the chaplain said sternly.

Mrs. Maurice answered, "No, sir, it is the memory of a man whom I love!"

He was about to speak again, but she stopped him.

"Do not disturb me," she said, impatiently; "I cannot hear while you speak."

She was still straining her ears in the vain endeavour to hear, above the confused noises of the preparation for her death, the sound of a well-known footstep.

Presently, with a heavy sigh, she dropped her handsome head on her breast, and said, "I am ready."



Beyond the walls she could hear her name quivering through the lips of the crowd, mixed with a sort of growl of execration.

Lord Orlesmere had been so popular that the destroyer of his fair young life was cursed with proportionate fervour.

Just as she was about to leave her cell there was heard a hurry of voices, and a scuffle in the passage outside, followed by a cry, "Give her this! For God's sake let her read this before you go any farther."

"It is a messenger from Orlesmere," some one said; and, after a short consultation, a letter was brought in and given into the prisoner's hands.

"It is from *him*," she thought, and her sunken eyes seemed to live again as she turned them on the document before her.

She read as follows:—

"This is from one who is your well-wisher, and who fancies you not to be so guilty as you make yourself out to be. If you can save yourself by confessing the whole truth, do not let your liking for Ambrose Hood stand between you and your life. He took his passage for New York the very day you went to gaol, and he and Margaret Saville, the housemaid, have sailed together. For your own sake, and for the sake of a man who is truly fond of you, and who writes you this warning, speak the truth before it is too late."

The bystanders, who were watching anxiously to see the effect of the communication on the prisoner, were haunted in after years by the remembrance of her face.

Human agony seemed to have reached its climax in the tortured expression of those famine-smitten eyes—the famine of a wasted heart. For an instant she was dumb—dumb as one who has been stricken with such sore pain that he fears to move or breathe lest he should suffer more keenly.

Then she cried, "Now I will pray. I pray that you, whoever you be, who sent me this letter, may be cursed in this world and in the next. You have taken away the thought that made my last few minutes of life sweet to me. You have sent me to hell before my time. Oh, God! have pity on intolerable suffering, and let me die before I have time to think."

She spoke with terrible earnestness, as

one whose soul is on the rack, and while those around her hesitated and conferred together, a murmur arose outside the prison walls. In another instant the murmur deepened into uproar, and a multitude of voices rang out shouts of, "Reprieve! reprieve!"

The prisoner looked at the faces round her. "What does this mean?" she asked hoarsely.

The chaplain approached her hurriedly. "Woman," he cried, "can you bear what I have to tell you? I have news for you—good news. You——" he paused, half choking from excess of agitation. The prisoner clutched hold of his outstretched hand.

Her voice had fallen into an inarticulate moan, and the chaplain guessed, rather than heard, the purport of her reiterated question, "What does it mean?"

"It means that you are free, that you are innocent, that you will live, I trust, for many years to come, that——"

She bowed her wasted face on her hands. "I cannot bear it," she whispered. "Life is loathsome to me; thought is death itself."

"Hold her hands, quick!" cried one of the gaolers, whose eyes were keener than those of his companions.

But his intervention came too late. Jane Maurice's naturally acute apprehensions had been sharpened by the agony of her sufferings, and by the savage force of her determination to end them.

The subtle hearts and slender hands of women sometimes plan and execute such deeds as this with the same delicate precision with which they design and fashion a dainty piece of embroidery, or a cunning simulation of flowers. Until now the prisoner had been so carefully watched that she had been unable to use her own hand against the remnant of her wretched life; but in this moment of confusion on the part of her gaolers, she contrived to put to her lips a few harmless-looking drops of fluid; and while the prison walls yet rang to the cheering that followed the announcement of Jane Maurice's liberation, she was lying at peace on the pallet in her cell—the sullen calm of death on her face—her broken heart comforted for ever.

From The Saturday Review.

LORD BYRON.

BY THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

WE doubt whether these long-expected volumes will answer the purpose of their authors. We employ the feminine correlative of author, because, although the work is anonymous, there is little reason to doubt of its having been written by the widow of the Marquis de Boissy, far better known in Byronic annals as the Countess Guiccioli. There are, we believe, no grounds for thinking the authorship a secret, nor, although there is no direct evidence of the fact, do we think that our supposition will prove unfounded. Our doubt of the success of this vindication of Byron arises from several causes. It is a panegyric, and panegyric compositions are rarely accepted with implicit faith. It is in large measure a compilation from well-known and easily accessible sources, and accordingly it adds very little to our former knowledge of its subject's eccentric and generally unhappy career. The narrative is almost devoid of method, and the readers of it are carried backward and forward from religion to the world, from mirth to melancholy, from society to solitude, from home scenes to foreign scenes, after a fashion which, to say the least of it, is bewildering and sometimes trying to the impatient; and, being unmethodical, it necessarily abounds in repetition. Having already said that *Lord Byron, jugé par les Témoins de sa Vie*, is for the most part panegyric, it is needless to add that there is some suppression, and some colouring of facts and opinions, in the thousand pages of the volumes before us.

A Life of Byron, in whatever hands it may be placed, must always be a task of considerable difficulty. Andrew Fairservice said of Rob Roy that he was "o'er gude for hannin' and o'er bad for blessin'," and something of the kind may be said of Byron. To borrow an appropriate expression from Angus McDiarmid, "ground officer on the Earl of Breadalbane's estate of Edinample," "he was a person of incoherent transactions." And, besides incoherency, he had a propensity to magnify his own faults and to make light of his own virtues. His confessions can no more be trusted than those of Rousseau, whom indeed in some respects Byron resembled. And in this one especially, that, although constantly professing their love for solitude and their contempt for public opinion, they were both anxious to keep themselves before the world and to know what the world was saying of them. Like Cardan also, Byron was very

communicative and indiscreet alike in what he told and in what he did not tell. Cicero was never weary of proclaiming himself the saviour of his country, and Byron is not less indefatigable in proclaiming his aversion for things that his native land held in respect. But as in the case of his unhappy marriage, so in that of his relations to English society, there were two parties to blame; and the larger share of censure has fallen upon his head. At the time when Byron "woke one morning and found himself famous," the national prejudices of England were much stronger than they are at the present hour. The old roast-beef and port-wine feeling was then far from extinct, although beginning to wane. None but lunatics saw in those days anything beyond absolute justice in the Game-laws. The Four-in-hand Club and the Ring were national institutions. Bull-baiting and cock-fighting found a champion in the learned and refined William Windham. Lord Eldon was on the Wool-sack, and George, Prince of Wales, was Regent. Our criminal laws were, accordingly, the best of all possible laws; the Test and Corporation Acts and restrictions on Roman Catholics were the bulwarks of the throne and the altar; the *Quarterly Review* preached four times in the year the duty of despising Americans and avoiding foreign manners and customs; and Whigs and Tories differed very little in their objection to Reform of Parliament. George III. indeed was invisible in Windsor Castle, but his spirit survived in the Cabinets of Perceval and Liverpool, in country halls and parsonages, in the writings of Southey and Hannah More. We were beating our old enemy France by land, as a few years before we had beaten her by sea, and so were justifying all that Dibdin and Captain Morris sang of us; and a carpet of loyalty and patriotism was spread over the land, in spite of the price of corn and the amount of the National Debt.

Athwart this orb of political, if not social, virtue — this region of the wisdom of our ancestors — Byron and Jeremy Bentham, opposites as they were in all other respects, struck like a brace of malignant comets, portending and bringing change. The influence of the reformer of law was indeed less swiftly felt than the influence of the innovator in poetry, and the sudden success of Byron is perhaps to be reckoned among his many misfortunes, since it led him to compose in haste, and to believe, what indeed was nearly true, that the public would take from his hand plots however fragmentary, and verses little removed from doggerel. He was not, indeed, the first of lit-

erary revolutionists. Coleridge did something, Scott did much, towards deposing the school of Pope; but the victory destined to be consummated by Wordsworth was still in the distance, for the voice of the Lyrical Ballads and their prefaces had reached only a few ears, and though the seed fell on good ground, the harvest was not at hand.

We will now glance at Byron's position in the London world, as it is not fully stated in these volumes, and perhaps cannot well be understood by a foreign biographer. A young nobleman, bearing a name not of the best odour, and upon whom the sins of his fathers were occasionally visited, published two years before attaining his majority, a volume of poems. Now it is very proper, and not unprecedented, for young noblemen to print their verses, especially if they have distinguished themselves at school or college by proficiency in Latin elegiacs or Greek iambics. But Byron had been an idle lad at Harrow, and at Cambridge had rather bewildered than edified the guardians of sound learning and religious education. In the poems themselves there was not any remarkable merit, but there was a promise of power, if not of excellence, in some of them which the Edinburgh Reviewer failed to detect. How entirely the critic had mistaken the standard of the debutant was very speedily made manifest. Since the *Vanity of Human Wishes* attracted the praise of Pope, or the *Rosciad* had "ruffled the Volscians" of the stage, no satire, not even Mason's, had been comparable for melody of verse or force of invective to the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Satire was a weapon that Byron seldom wielded without signal success. Here was a novice, not wielding his sword like a dancer, but cutting and thrusting like Shaw the Life-guardsmen. His "severity was not conciliating" to either old or young poets. It embroiled the author, for a time, with no few of the most famous wits then in England. Moore and Scott soon forgave the attack on them, and became Byron's fast friends for life. Coleridge and Wordsworth were less easily reconciled, and never really forgave the assault; while Southey avenged it, on their and his own behalf, after a fashion which, to say the least of it, did not greatly redound to his credit.

Then Byron, although his verses made him famous in all the literary and social circles of the United Kingdom, did not walk in the ways of noble youth in Britain. He was a landowner, but he was not a strict gamepreserver; he did not follow, neither subscribe to, the hounds. He did not entertain the county magnates at Newstead Abbey,

but in their room a crew of losels who made night hideous with their songs, who teased a wolf instead of galloping after a fox, and who it was thought, in Nottinghamshire, by decorous parents and guardians, were little better than the once famous monks of Medmenham Abbey. We learn from the volumes before us that the lord of Newstead was a just and kind landlord, going so far in his justice as to insist upon a tenant's (on pain of losing his farm) repairing by marriage a wrong he had done to a neighbour's daughter. But, on the other hand, we do not find that he was in the commission of the peace—in which case the matter might have been settled differently—and we know that he spoke and wrote against "the first gentleman in Europe."

Nor did it mend matters that he was for a time the idol of the London season; that he baffled match-making mothers; that, like Charles Surface, he "gave many worthy men uneasiness," while he did not, like Joseph Surface, soothe their alarm by his "noble sentiments." Despite lameness and a habit of biting his nails, his were the bust and the head of an Antinous, and when personal beauty is married to successful verse, the ordinary "curled darlings" of salons and coteries are most provokingly distanced in their usual pursuits—the chase of beauty or money. Not content with victory, Byron appears to have courted animosities with as much zeal as better regulated youth court favours. His vices and his virtues were alike peculiar to himself, and, unluckily also for himself, his vices were those which society most deeply resents, and his virtues were those for which society does not greatly care. The polite world likes its comets to be regular and its Whartons to be plain; whereas Byron seems to have been determined to move in an orbit of his own, and to weigh mankind in the scales of Rochefoucault. Could he have condescended to be a little coarser in his ways—a boon companion, a political or religious bigot—could he have paid to virtue a little more of the homage which she is popularly said to demand, not a tithe of the barbs which struck him, and increased his perversity, would perhaps have been levelled at his name in life or after his death.

To the foregoing another cause may be added for the hostility provoked by Byron, but this was independent of merit or demerit on his part. His peculiarities, personal and poetical, hatched a brood of imitators. His misanthropy and his shirt-collars were aped by young versifiers; for, as Master Stephen thought, to be melancholy was gentleman-like under the Regency. It might not be

given to all to swim across the Hellespont, but it was possible for many to swim across the Thames; wolves, since the proscription of their race by Edward the Confessor, were difficult to obtain in Britain, but a dog-fight or a rat-hunt was feasible. It is curious, if not altogether edifying, to mark Byron's influence in disseminating the affectation of despair. For ordinary mortals devoid of gifts, poetic or prosaic, its manifestations were curling lips and drooped eyelids, biscuit and soda-water in place of beef and beer, with inversion of the usual hours of meals and sleep. These were the *mutum* as well as the *servum pecus* of Byronists. The versifiers and the novelists, practising the same arts, added to them proclamations of "blighted existence," "weariness of life," "falsehood of women," and other incentives to chronic gloom. Their "one friend" is dead, faithless, or a dog; a tent in the desert, or a lone island in the sea, with of course "one sweet spirit" for a companion, is the proper habitation for man — over the sport of destiny and the victim of disappointment. By grave and decorous persons the copies were confounded with the supposed original, and Pope's complaint, accommodated to other times and circumstances, might have been repeated by Byron: —

There are, who to my person pay their court :  
I cough like Horace, and tho' lean, am short,  
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,  
Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir ! you have an eye."  
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see  
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.  
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
"Just so immortal Mero held his head :"  
And when I die, be sure you let me know  
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

These volumes would have possessed a far more vital interest for readers than they do if the writer, instead of deploring and combating the misrepresentations of others, had imparted to us her own personal knowledge of Lord Byron. We had reason to expect from such a quarter much that would be new; but we find little that is so, except a re-arrangement of existing materials, or fresh contradictions of lightly made or rash, and perhaps wholly groundless, assertions. The authoress is justly indignant at the reiterated attempts made in Byron's lifetime and since, by English and foreign writers, by some who knew him a little, and by many who did not know him at all, to represent him as an awful and anomalous being, of mystery all compact. But such illusions were dispersed by the admirable narrative of Moore, his friend, and by the unworthy and unscrupulous disclosures of Leigh Hunt.

Moore exhibits him as eccentric and self-willed, but not more so than parallels might be found for in the lives of other poets and authors. Is the life of Alfieri, as narrated by himself, anything but a tissue of eccentricities? Was Cicero a consistent man? Is there any particular satisfaction in following the career of Coleridge? Might it not be possible, with the aid of such distorted and exaggerated *media* as have been employed in representing Byron, to depict any one of the three in colours surpassing the liberty of fiction? Again, in these volumes the belief is combated with almost wearisome repetition that the poet himself was the original from which his heroes, from Childe Harold to Don Juan, are drawn. Byron always disavowed the imputation, and we see no reason for doubting his sincerity. That his Pilgrim, his Corsair, his Renegades have a strong family likeness to one another, is not to be questioned. But the truth is that Byron's genius was anything rather than dramatic, and that although he had seen, like another celebrated wanderer, many men and many cities, his acquaintance with mankind was very restricted. The impression that one remarkable man made upon him gave colour and form to several of his most popular poems. Ali Pasha of Yanina is the model of Conrad and Lambro, and especially of Giaffir. This is not the fertility of the dramatic poet, nor that of an epic one, like Scott; but the want of it will account for Byron's scanty repertoire without assuming that he sat for the portraiture of his own heroes. Yet even this defect in the art of individualizing must be stated with some qualification. It is true that the principal characters of the Byronic poems are cast in the same mould. They have been wronged by their fellow-men, and they become wrongdoers in requital. Either they are solitary Timons, like Manfred; or exhausted voluptuaries, like Sardanapalus; or they savour, like Alp and the Giaour, of Karl Moor and Kotzebue. Yet the pencil which sketched Marino Faliero and Werner, Israel Bertuccio and Ulric, Angiolina and Josephine, was capable, had it been turned seriously to dramatic composition, of very distinct and powerful stage portraiture. And indeed, if they are compared with contemporary productions, Byron's dramas are not alone defective in this respect. What dramatic power is displayed by Coleridge, Wordsworth, or Southey, each of whom — *dis malignis* — wrote a play? As for Scott, his dramatic force was expended upon his verse and prose romances.

Again, it is objected to Byron, by no less a critic than the late Lord Macaulay, that

even in descriptive and meditative verse, in which he excelled, the descriptions and the meditations were accessories to one dark and melancholy figure in the background—that of the poet himself. We think that this observation will apply to Lucretius and Virgil, and even to Cowper, with as much propriety as to Byron. For what is it that gives such absorbing interest to many passages in the profound wail of Lucretius, but the felt though invisible presence of its author; one while tossed and bewildered upon a shoreless ocean of matter, at another resting upon some green islet of content, heedless of the storm which drove him thither, or of the storm that will soon sweep him from it? What is it affects us most deeply in the tender and meditative verse of the Georgics, but the presence of Virgil's spirit beside the winding Mincius or amid the white herds of Clitumnus? It is because Cowper is "in the background" that we derive pleasure from such humble elements of description as "slow-winding Ouse," the peasant's nest, Olney-bridge, the maze at Weston Underwood, a garden and a greenhouse. And it is so also with the pictures of Parnassus and Albania, the white marbles of Pentelicus, and with that most expressive of all symbols of departed majesty, the Coliseum; the unseen, but not unfelt, presence of their poet clothes them with a grandeur and a beauty investing their own with fresh radiance. Byron's latest defender has dwelt with befitting earnestness on his presence among the scenes he describes, with a clearer perception of its influence than the critic of thirty years ago.

Byron's religion, again, was at the time a subject of much, though not very profitable, curiosity. It was said, we believe, by Fontenelle, that "all wise men are of one religion, but what that religion is no wise man will tell another." The authoress of "Byron, judged by contemporary testimony," is naturally eager, being doubtless a good Catholic herself, to show that, if far from being what might be wished in respect of either his faith or his works, he was yet imbued with strong religious susceptibility, and uniformly treated with respect all who, like Mr. Kennedy or Mrs. Shepherd, strove to put him in the right path. Such curiosity displays the strong interest which Byron, and all concerning him, excited in his contemporaries; nor is such interest altogether peculiar to him, for similar inquiries have been made about Shakspeare's and Bacon's religion. We incline to think that in all these cases the question ought to be differently worded; and a very slight verbal change in the form of it, though by no

means a slight one in substance, will set such curiosity in its proper light. The real drift of the anxious inquirers is, what was the creed, or perhaps the Church, of these illustrious men? We have read all that the authoress has to say on this subject, but we do not find ourselves much the wiser for her arguments or her information.

That one so richly endowed as Byron was intellectually, so impulsive, so susceptible of the beautiful in nature and in art, should have been wholly devoid of religious feelings is highly improbable. He is a careless and incompetent reader of Shelley's writings who takes from them the impression that the poet was irreligious, as well as un-Christian; and he is equally in the wrong who, after studying Spinoza, fails to see that he was a devout, as well as a just, man. Byron has been judged in this respect inconsiderately, if not harshly. On the evidence of some grave and many flippant passages in his poetry—some of which are assigned to the speakers in his dramas, and taken out of their context, are bad or misleading witnesses against him—he has been charged with the infidelity of a Diderot or Holbach. A sounder and fairer inference is that Byron's indifference was confined to creeds and formularies of religion, and that his acquaintance with theology was as slender as is that of many a country squire who goes regularly to his parish church. But he seems never to have relished Shelley's metaphysical speculations, and to have shared in none of his incredulity as to the worth and wisdom of either the Hebrew or Christian Scriptures. In this, as in other instances, he was his own enemy; his unlucky propensity to banter and mystify those he came in contact with confirmed the impression engendered by his irregular and eccentric life; and he paid in full the penalty of affectation by being reputed and reported to be worse than he was.

If we had been asked, before *Lord Byron, jugé par les Témoins de sa Vie*, came into our hands, what we regarded as his capital error throughout life, we should have replied, "affecting to be what he was not"; and this opinion is strengthened by the Marquise de Boissy's account of him. We find in him the seed of many virtues, but the harvest of many vices. At school he was the generous protector of the weak; in early manhood and throughout his life he was deeply attached to his friends; his sympathies with the oppressed of the earth ended only with his days, and nothing in his life was so creditable or hopeful as were the closing scenes of it at Missolonghi. He had sought and he had found that which, earlier



possessed, might have kept him from many follies, and rescued him from many vices. Even those who differed from him in his policy for the Greeks acknowledged his clear vision, his firm purpose, his devotion to the cause, his generosity to the objects of it. But all these gifts, and the promise of even greater gifts than these, were marred by his perversity. He had the fatal weakness of preferring singularity to sincerity. In his search of singularity he was unfortunately successful both at home and abroad; but it cooled his friends, it heated his enemies, it stained and enfeebled an originally noble nature, and it made shipwreck, before youth had entirely departed from him, of a gallant vessel. He might have been added to the list of "mighty poets in their misery dead," by the great poet whom he misunderstood, and who also misapprehended him; and should some future Dante portray the assemblage of poets in the shades, the group in which the author of *Childe Harold* will be the central light may well be formed by Lucretius, Marlowe, Chatterton, and Percy Shelley.

So many questions, handled or suggested in these volumes, still remain for examination, that we must defer our comment upon them to another time. At present we content ourselves with remarking that, although we can understand why this narrative has been eagerly expected, we cannot see why it has been so long delayed. The work of composition may well and properly be tardy, but that of compilation and arrangement needs not be so. Of *composition*, in the sense of a just *ordonnance* of parts in their relation to one another or to a whole, there is absolutely none. Even the arrangement of the chapters is very arbitrary and lax; many portions of the first volume being equally suitable to the second, and many sections of each volume being, for anything appearing to the contrary, put where they stand, either because the manuscript was ready for the printer, or because the authoress desired that her book should follow the course of free conversation rather than the rules which usually regulate biography or even panegyrical discourses.

---

From the London Review.

#### MR. EMERSON ON QUOTATION AND ORIGINALITY.

THE current number of the *North American Review* contains a remarkable paper by Mr. Emerson, touching the question of originality in literature. It has the special

merit of being mostly intelligible; in fact, it seems to have been constructed by the author to prove that he has the power when he likes of discharging his style from the rugged affectations and irritating freaks in which he indulged himself in his essays on representative men. The view that he takes might at first be thought an encouragement to those whom Coleridge compared to sponges, creatures of low organization with a power of absorption, who reproduce what they take in, discoloured; but in reality he gives a definite position to the mere spoilers of the dead on the field of letters. His great object is to show that genius is more human than people think. He does not say so in terms, for it would directly contradict statements previously made by him, but that is his meaning, plainly enough implied. There is almost as much superstition talked of genius as there is of religion. The word seems provocative of a kind of rhetorical frenzy when it drops from the pen. Shakespeare did some mischief when he gave us that picturesque description of the poet's eye rolling about and taking in the heavens; Shakespeare, who probably had on his desk at the time scraps of English folk-lore and notes of Greek names, and was making a play out of them and his head, just as Mr. Boucicault might compose an original sixty thousand-pounder from the half-forgotten novel of a defunct Irishman. To be sure, the mental processes which the two men whom we have put together could bring to bear on the stuff in hand differ considerably; but are they essentially unlike, or is the difference only in degree? That is just the point the reader of Mr. Emerson's essay will find discussed. He appears to think that our greatest men of letters have been the boldest adapters, and goes further in stating in substance that they could not possibly do anything but work up old forms. He makes use of a felicitous phrase which critics will find serviceable. There is, he says, an "assimilating power." We might add, — yes, and an assimilating trick; and one makes your Shakespeare, and the other makes your clever fellow. But in this connection why does Mr. Emerson state — "we value in Coleridge his excellent knowledge and quotations perhaps as much, possibly more, than his original suggestions?" Who that has read the "Friend" will agree with this? Coleridge, of all English writers, was the greatest seeker for new things. When he took an idea into his mind, it went, so to speak, through a chemical change at once, and the precipitate was another substance. Burton is the most enjoyable

quoter in our language. Coleridge was even affectedly and often wearisomely independent; we do not believe he ever kept another man's thought by him in its first shape.

In making out his case Mr. Emerson does not embarrass himself much by studying the genealogical tree of a notion, although he cannot resist the temptation of bringing Plato and Baron Munchausen together. This sort of exercise belongs to the order of inquiry which institutes a search after things not generally known. But there is one amazing inconsistency in the article. After we have read of the "assimilating power," and begin to understand that genius is fed, and requires to be fed—that it cannot intellectually survive on air, and that it must necessarily be indebted, as everything on this earth is indebted, to its surroundings, we come across such a sentence as this—a Bulwerian sentence ornamented with capital letters, "The divine resides in the new. The divine never quotes, but is, and creates. The profound apprehension of the Present is Genius, which makes the Past forgotten." We don't know what the "divine" is here, and as for the conundrum hidden between the two large P's of Past and Present, it must be given up; but, if there is a gleam of sense in the passage, it discloses an idea which is altogether inconsistent with what follows.

"Genius is, in the first instance, sensibility, the capacity of receiving just impressions from the external world, *and the power of co-ordinating these after the laws of thought.*" This is a clear and a fine definition, but does it not extinguish that word "create"? Mr. Emerson knows well that we have nothing to do with creating, that the phrase is loosely and absurdly used; he knows it so well that he writes this essay in point of fact to prove that "assimilation" is all we can justly speak of, and yet he must jar the whole tone of a harmonious and symmetrical essay in order to introduce a characteristic flourish of grand nonsense. We are, however, glad to see such a paper published.

Mr. Emerson does good in casting a stone at a superstition. Spontaneous generation of ideas is just as impossible a thing as endeavouring to form live creatures by sending electric shocks through water. Genius is neither more nor less than what Mr. Emerson has well expressed in the sentence we have quoted above. It is a pity he did not stop there, for we are sorry to find him again in the clouds at the finish, or rather, knocking about the ceiling of his own brown study, like Mr. Home in his drawing-room on a certain occasion, now historical; yet the first portion of Mr. Emerson's paper shows that his tendency to defy the laws of gravitation is not chronic.

THE sum expended in publishing the fac-simile of "Domesday Book" has been £3,556; and the receipts from the sale of copies have been £1,988. There being, however, 4,947 copies in store, which, when sold, will produce £1,900, and for which there is a steady demand, it is expected that the publication of this work will more than cover the cost of its production.

THE sale of M. Brunet's library, at the Hotel Druot, has produced the sum of 805,825 francs. A copy of "Gargantua" in two volumes, edition 1585, was sold for 3,750 francs; and "Le Premier Livre du Discours de l'Estat de Paix et de Guerre," a translation of Machiavelli, edition of 1544, and which copy had belonged to Francis the First, was run up to 5,000 francs.

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT is compiling another collection of Anglo Saxon and early English vocabularies for Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool.

IN consequence of a correspondence between

the Lord Chamberlain and Miss Burdett Coutts, artists will no longer have the privilege of using that lady's house for the purpose of giving concerts.

It appears that the splendid old organ at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, West Smithfield, has been lost. During the recent extensive restorations of that edifice this well-known instrument was consigned to the care of an organ-builder, who for preservation "warehoused" it, and, marvellous to relate, it cannot be found. So the parish authorities have contented themselves with £40 as compensation, and have put up a small instrument in its place.

It is said that the original scores of most, if not all, of Handel's Oratorios are or were in the Queen's Library at Buckingham Palace.

THOSE who are admitted to intimate personal intercourse with the Pope say that he is not only a good singer for a man of his years, but an excellent violoncello player.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## "A TELEGRAM."

"THIS is a very eventful day for me, George," said Augustus, as they strolled through the garden after breakfast. "The trial was fixed for the 13th, and to-day is the 14th; I suppose the verdict will be given to-day."

"But you have really no doubt of the result? I mean, no more than anxiety on so momentous a matter must suggest?"

"Pardon me. I have grave doubts. There was such a marriage, as is alleged, formed by my grandfather; a marriage in every respect legal. They may not have the same means of proving that which we have; but we know it. There was a son born to that marriage. We have the letter of old Lami, asking my grandfather to come over to Bruges for the christening, and we have the receipt of Hodges and Smart, the jewellers, for a silver gilt ewer and cup which were engraved with the Bramleigh crest and cypher, and despatched to Belgium as a present; for my grandfather did not go himself, pretexting something or other, which evidently gave offence; for Lami's next letter declares that the present has been returned, and expresses a haughty indignation at my grandfather's conduct. I can vouch for all this. It was a sad morning when I first saw those papers; but I did see them, George, and they exist still. That son of my grandfather's they declare to have married, and his son is this Pracon-tal. There is the whole story, and if the latter part of the narrative be only as truthful as I believe the first to be, he, and not I, is the rightful owner of Castello."

L'Estrange made no reply; he was slowly going over in his mind the chain of connection, and examining, link by link, how it held together.

"But why," asked he at length, "was not this claim preferred before? Why did a whole generation suffer it to lie dormant?"

"That is easily—too easily explained. Lami was compromised in almost every country in Europe; and his son succeeded him in his love of plot and conspiracy. Letters occasionally reached my father from this latter; some of them demanding money in a tone of actual menace. A confidential clerk, who knew all my father's secrets, and whom he trusted most implicitly, became one day a defaulter and absconded, carrying with him a quantity of private papers, some of which were letters written by my father, and containing remittances which Montagu Lami—or Louis Langrange, or whatever other name he bore—of course,

never received, and indignantly declared he believed had never been despatched. This clerk, whose name was Hesketh, made Lami's acquaintance in South America, and evidently encouraged him to prefer his claim with greater assurance, and led him to suppose that any terms he preferred must certainly be complied with! But I cannot go on, George; the thought of my poor father struggling through life in this dark conflict rises up before me, and now I estimate the terrible alternation of hope and fear in which he must have lived, and how despairingly he must have thought of a future, when this deep game should be left to such weak hands as mine. I thought they were cruel words once in which he spoke of my unfitness to meet a great emergency,—but now I read them very differently."

"Then do you really think he regarded this claim as rightful and just?"

"I cannot tell that; at moments I have leaned to this impression; but many things dispose me to believe that he saw or suspected some flaw that invalidated the claim, but still induced him to silence the pretension by hush money."

"And you yourself——"

"Don't ask me, my dear friend;—do not ask me the question I see is on your lips. I have no courage to confess, even to you, through how many moods I pass every day and live. At moments I hope and firmly believe I rise above every low and interested sentiment, and determine I will do as I would be done by;—I will go through this trial as though it were a matter apart from me, and in which truth and justice were my only objects. There are hours in which I feel equal to any sacrifice, and could say to this man:—'There! take it; take all we have in the world. We have no right to be here; we are beggars and outcasts.' And then—I can't tell how or why—it seems actually as if there were a real Tempter in one's nature, lying in wait for the moment of doubt and hesitation; but suddenly, quick as a flash of lightning, a thought would dart across my mind, and I would begin to canvass this and question that; not fairly, not honestly, mark you, but casuistically and cunningly; and worse, far worse than all this,—actually hoping that, no matter on which side lay the right, that *we* should come out victorious."

"But have you not prejudiced your case by precipitancy? They tell me that you have given the others immense advantage by your openly declared doubts as to your title."

"That is possible. I will not deny that I may have acted imprudently. The com-

promise to which I at first agreed struck me, on reflection, as so ignoble and dishonourable, that I rushed just as rashly into the opposite extreme. I felt, in fact, George, as though I owed this man a reparation for having ever thought of stifling his claim; and I carried this sentiment so far that Sedley asked me one day, in a scornful tone, what ill my family had done me I was so bent on ruining them? Oh, my dear friend, if it be a great relief to me to open my heart to you, it is with shame I confess that I cannot tell you truthfully how weak and unable I often feel to keep straight in the path I have assigned myself. How, when some doubt of this man's right shoots across me, I hail the hesitation like a blessing from heaven. What I would do; what I would endure that he could not show his claim to be true, I dare not own. I have tried to reverse our positions in my own mind, and imagine I was he; but I cannot pursue the thought, for whenever the dread final rises before me, and I picture to myself our ruin and destitution, I can but think of him as a deadly implacable enemy. This sacrifice, then, that I purposed to make with a pure spirit and a high honour, is too much for me. I have not courage for that I am doing; but I'll do it still."

L'Estrange did his utmost to rally him out of his depression, assuring him that, as the world went, few men would have attempted to do what he had determined on, and frankly owning, that in talking over the matter with Julia they were both disposed to regard his conduct as verging on Quixotism.

"And that is exactly the best thing people will say of it. I am lucky if they will even speak so favourably."

"What's this—a telegram?" cried L'Estrange, as the servant handed him one of those square-shaped missives, so charged with destiny that one really does not know whether to bless or curse the invention, which, annihilating space, brings us so quickly face to face with fortune.

"Read it, George; I cannot," muttered Bramleigh, as he stood against a tree for support.

"Ten o'clock. Court-house, Navan. Jury just come out—cannot agree to verdict—discharged. New trial. I write post."

"SEDLLEY."

"Thank heaven, there is at least a respite," said Bramleigh; and he fell on the other's shoulder, and hid his face.

"Bear up, my poor fellow. You see that, at all events, nothing has happened up to

this. Here are the girls coming. Let them not see you in such emotion."

"Come away, then; come away. I can't meet them now; or do you go and tell Nelly what this news is—she has seen the messenger, I'm sure."

L'Estrange met Nelly and Julia in the walk, while Augustus hastened away in another direction. "There has been no verdict. Sedley sends his message from the court-house this morning, and says the jury cannot agree, and there will be another trial."

"Is that bad or good news?" asked Nelly, eagerly.

"I'd say good," replied he; "at least, when I compare it with your brother's desponding tone this morning. I never saw him so low."

"Oh, he is almost always so of late. The coming here and the pleasure of meeting you rallied him for a moment, but I foresaw his depression would return. I declare it is the uncertainty, the never-ceasing terror of what next, is breaking him down; and if the blow fell at once, you would see him behave courageously and nobly."

"He ought to get away from this as soon as possible," said L'Estrange. He met several acquaintances yesterday in Rome, and they teased him to come to them, and worried him to tell where he was stopping. In his present humour he could not go into society, but he is ashamed to his own heart to admit it."

"Then why don't we go at once?" cried Julia.

"There's nothing to detain us here," said L'Estrange, sorrowfully.

"Unless you mean to wait for my marriage," said Julia, laughing, "though, possibly, Sir Marcus may not give me another chance."

"Oh, Julia!"

"Oh, Julia! Well, dearest, I do say shocking things, there's no doubt of it; but when I've said them, I feel the subject off my conscience, and revert to it no more."

"At all events," said L'Estrange, after a moment of thought, "let us behave when we meet him as though this news was not bad. I know he will try to read in our faces what we think of it, and on every account it is better not to let him sink into depression."

The day passed over in that discomfort which a false position so inevitably imposes. The apparent calm was a torture, and the efforts at gaiety were but moments of actual pain. The sense of something impending was so poignant that at every stir—the opening of a door or the sound of a bell—

there came over each a look of anxiety the most intense and eager. All their attempts at conversation were attended with a fear lest some unhappy expression, some ill-timed allusion might suggest the very thought they were struggling to suppress; and it was with a feeling of relief they parted and said good-night, where, at other times, there had been only regret at separating.

Day after day passed in the same forced and false tranquillity, the preparations for the approaching journey being the only relief to the intense anxiety that weighed like a load on each. At length, on the fifth morning, there came a letter to Augustus in the well-known hand of Sedley, and he hastened to his room to read it. Some sharp passages there had been between them of late on the subject of the compromise, and Bramleigh, in a moment of forgetfulness and anger, even went so far as to threaten that he would have recourse to the law to determine whether his agent had or had not overstepped the bounds of his authority, and engaged in arrangements at total variance to all his wishes and instructions. A calm but somewhat indignant reply from Sedley, however, recalled Bramleigh to reconsider his words, and even ask pardon for them, and since that day their intercourse had been even more cordial and frank than ever. The present letter was very long, and quite plainly written, with a strong sense of the nature of him it was addressed to. For Sedley well knew the temper of the man—his moods of high resolve and his moments of discouragement—his desire to be equal to a great effort, and his terrible consciousness that his courage could not be relied on. The letter began thus:—

“MY DEAR SIR, —

“If I cannot, as I hoped, announce a victory, I am able at least to say that we have not been defeated. The case was fairly and dispassionately stated, and probably an issue of like importance was never discussed with less of acrimony, or less of that captious and overreaching spirit which is too common in legal contests. This was so remarkable as to induce the Judge to comment on it in his charge, and declare that in all his experience on the bench he had never before witnessed anything so gratifying or so creditable alike to plaintiff and defendant.

“Lawson led for the other side, and, I will own, made one of the best openings I ever listened to, disclaiming at once any wish to appeal to sympathies or excite feelings of pity for misfortunes carried on through three generations of blameless suf-

ferers; he simply directed the jury to follow him in the details of a brief and not very complicated story, every step of which he would confirm and establish by evidence.

“The studious simplicity of his narrative was immense art, and though he carefully avoided even a word that could be called high-flown, he made the story of Montagu Bramleigh's courtship of the beautiful Italian girl one of the most touching episodes I ever listened to.

“The marriage was, of course, the foundation of the whole claim, and he arrayed all his proofs of it with great skill. The recognition in your grandfather's letters, and the tone of affection in which they were written, his continual reference to her in his life, left little if any doubt on the minds of the jury, even though there was nothing formal or official to show that the ceremony of marriage had passed; he reminded the jury that the defence would rely greatly on this fact, but the fact of a missing registry-book was neither so new nor so rare in this country as to create any astonishment, and when he offered proof that the church and the vestry-room had been sacked by the rebels in '98, the evidence seemed almost superfluous. The birth and baptism of the child he established thoroughly: and here he stood on strong grounds, for the infant was christened at Brussels by the Protestant Chaplain of the Legation at the Hague, and he produced a copy of the act of registry, stating the child to be the son of Montagu Bramleigh, of Cossender Manor, and Grosvenor Square, London, and of Enrichetta his wife. Indeed, as Lawson declared, if these unhappy foreigners had ever even a glimmering suspicion that the just rights of this poor child were to be assailed and his inheritance denied him, they could not have taken more careful and cautious steps to secure his succession than the simple but excellent precautions they had adopted.

“The indignation of Lami at what he deemed the unfeeling and heartless conduct of Montagu Bramleigh—his cold reception of the news of his son's birth, and the careless tone in which he excused himself from going over to the christening—rose to such a pitch that he swore the boy should never bear his father's name, nor ever in any way be beholden to him, and ‘this rash oath it was that has carried misery down to another generation, and involved in misfortune others not more blameless nor more truly to be pitied than he who now seeks redress at your hands.’ This was the last sentence he uttered after speaking three hours, and obtaining a slight pause to recruit his strength.



"Issue of Montagu Bramleigh being proved, issue of that issue was also established, and your father's letters were given in evidence to show how he had treated with these claimants and given largely in money to suppress or silence their demands. Thos. Bolton, of the house of Parker and Bolton, bankers, Naples, proved the receipt of various sums from Montagu Bramleigh in favour of A. B. C., for so the claimant was designated, private confidential letters to Bolton showing that these initials were used to indicate one who went under many aliases, and needed every precaution to escape the police. Bolton proved the journal of Giacomo Lami, which he had often had in his own possession. In fact this witness damaged us more than all the rest; his station and position in life, and the mode in which he behaved under examination, having great effect on the jury, and affording Lawson a favourable opportunity of showing what confidence was felt in the claimant's pretensions by a man of wealth and character, even when the complications of political conspiracy had served to exhibit him as a dangerous adventurer.

"Waller's reply was able, but not equal to his best efforts. It is but fair to him, however, to state that he complained of our instructions, and declared that your determination not to urge anything on a point of law, nor tender opposition on grounds merely technical, left him almost powerless in the case. He devoted his attention almost entirely to disprove the first marriage, that of Mr. B. with Enrichetta Lami; he declared that the relative rank of the parties considered, the situation in which they were placed towards each other, and all the probabilities of the case duly weighed, there was every reason to believe the connection was illicit. This view was greatly strengthened by Mr. B.'s subsequent conduct: his refusal to go over to the christening, and the utter indifference he displayed to the almost menacing tone of old Lami's letters; and when he indignantly asked the jury 'if a man were likely to treat in this manner his wife and the mother of his first-born, the heir to his vast fortune and estates?' there was a subdued murmur in the court that showed how strongly this point had told.

"He argued that when a case broke down at its very outset, it would be a mere trifling with the time of the court to go further to disprove circumstances based on a fallacy. As to the christening and the registration of baptism, what easier than for a woman to declare whatever she pleased as to the paternity of her child? It was

true he was written son of Montagu Bramleigh; but when we once agree that there was no marriage, this declaration has no value. He barely touched on the correspondence and the transmission of money abroad, which he explained as the natural effort of a man of high station and character to suppress the notoriety of a youthful indiscretion. Political animosity had, at that period, taken a most injurious turn, and scandal was ransacked to afford means of attack on the reputations of public men.

"I barely give you the outline of his argument, but I will send you the printed account of the trial as soon as the shorthand writer shall have completed it for press. Baron Jocelyn's charge was, I must say, less in our favour than I had expected; and when he told the jury that the expressions of attachment and affection in Mr. B.'s letters, and the reiterated use of the phrase 'my dear, dear wife' demanded their serious consideration as to whether such words would have fallen from a man hampered by an illicit connection, and already speculating how to be free of it;—all this, put with great force and clearness, and a certain appeal to their sense of humanity, did us much disservice. The length of time he dwelt on this part of the case was so remarkable that I overheard a Q. C. say he had not known till then that his lordship was retained for the plaintiff.

"When he came to that part of where allusion was made to the fact of the claimant being a foreigner, he made an eloquent and effective appeal to the character of English justice, which elicited a burst of applause in the court that took some seconds to repress; and this, I am told, was more owing to the popular sympathy with the politics of old Lami, and his connection with the rebellion of '98, than with any enthusiasm for his lordship's oratory.

"The jury were three hours in deliberation. I am confidentially informed that we had but five with, and seven against us; the verdict, as you know, was not agreed on. We shall go to trial in spring, I hope with Wallace to lead for us, for I am fully persuaded the flaw lies in the history subsequent to the marriage of Mr. B., and that it was a mistake to let the issue turn on the event which had already enlisted the sympathies of the jury in its favour.

"In conclusion, I ought to say, that the plaintiff's friends regard the result as a victory, and the National press is strong in asserting that, if the Orange element had been eliminated from the jury-box, there is little doubt that Count Bramleigh—as they

call him — would at that hour be dispensing the splendid hospitalities of a princely house to his county neighbours, and the still more gratifying benefits of a wide charity to the poor around him. Writing rapidly, as I do, I make no pretension to anything like an accurate history of the case. There are a vast variety of things to which I mean to direct your attention when a more favourable moment will permit. I will only now add, that your presence in England is urgently required, and that your return to Castello, to resume there the style of living that alike becomes the proprietor and the place, is, in the opinion of all your friends, much to be desired.

"Mr. Waller does not hesitate to say that your absence decided the case against you, and was heard to declare openly, that 'he for one had no fancy to defend a cause for a man who voluntarily gave himself up as beaten.'

"May I entreat then you will make it your convenience to return here? I cannot exaggerate the ill effects of your absence, nor to what extent your enemies are enabled to use the circumstances to your discredit. Jurors are after all but men, taken from the common mass of those who read and talk over the public scandals of the hour, and all the cautions of the Bench never yet succeeded in making men forget, within the court-house, what they had for weeks before been discussing outside of it.

"At all events, do not dismiss my suggestion without some thought over it, or, better still, without consulting some friends in whose sense and intelligence you have confidence. I am, with many apologies for the liberty I have thus taken,

"Most faithfully, your servant,

"T. SEDLEY."

When Bramleigh had read this letter carefully over, he proceeded to Nelly's room, to let her hear its contents.

"It's not very cheery news," said he, "but it might be worse. Shall I read it for you, or will you read it yourself?"

"Read it, Gusty; I would rather hear it from you," said she, as she sat down, with her face to the window, and partially averted from him as he sat.

Not a word dropped from her while he read, and though once or twice he paused as if to invite a remark or a question, she never spoke, nor by a look or a gesture denoted how the tidings affected her.

"Well," asked he at last, "what do you say to it all?"

"It's worse, — I mean worse for us, — than I had ever expected! Surely, Gusty,

you had no conception that their case had such apparent strength and solidity?"

"I have thought so for many a day," said he gloomily.

"Thought that they, and not we —" she could not go on.

"Just so, dearest," said he, drawing his chair to her side, and laying his hand affectionately on her shoulder.

"And do you believe poor papa thought so?" she said, and her eyes now swam in tears.

A scarcely perceptible nod was all his answer.

"Oh, Gusty, this is more misery than I was prepared for!" cried she, throwing herself on his shoulder. "To think that all the time we were — what so many called — outraging the world with display; exhibiting our wealth in every ostentatious way; to think that it was not ours, that we were mere pretenders, with a mock rank, a mock station."

"My father did not go thus far, Nelly," said he gravely. "That he did not despise these pretensions I firmly believe, but that they ever gave him serious reason to suppose his right could be successfully disputed, this I do not believe. His fear was, that when the claim came to be resisted by one like myself, the battle would be ill fought. It was in this spirit that he said, 'Would that Marion had been a boy!'"

"And what will you do, Gusty?"

"I'll tell you what I will not do, Nelly," said he firmly: "I will not, as this letter counsels me, go back to live where it is possible I have no right to live, nor spend money to which the law may to-morrow declare I have no claim. I will abide by what that law shall declare, without one effort to bias it in my favour. I have a higher pride in submitting myself to this trial than ever I had in being the owner of Castello. It may be that I shall not prove equal to what I propose to myself. I have no over confidence in my own strength, but I like to think, that if I come well through the ordeal, I shall have done what will dignify a life, humble even as mine, and give me a self-respect, without which existence is valueless to me. Will you stand by me, Nelly, in this struggle — I shall need you much?"

"To the last," said she, giving him both her hands, which he grasped within his, and pressed affectionately.

"Write, then, one line from me to Sedley, to say that I entrust the case entirely to his guidance: that I will not mix myself with it in any way, nor will I return to England till it be decided; and say, if you can, that you agree with me in this determination. And

then, if the L'Estranges are ready, let us start at once."

"They only wait for us; Julia said so this morning."

"Then we shall set out to-morrow."

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

##### A LONG TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

"SCANT courtesy, I must say," exclaimed Lady Augusta, as, after rapidly running her eyes over a note, she flung it across the table towards Pracontal.

They were seated tête-à-tête in that small drawing-room which looked out upon the garden and the grounds of the Borghese Palace.

"Am I to read it?" asked he.

"Yes, if you like. It is from Augustus Bramleigh, a person you feel some interest in."

Pracontal took up the note, and seemed to go very carefully over its contents.

"So then," said he, as he finished, "he thinks it better not to meet—not to know me."

"Which is no reason on earth for being wanting in a proper attention to me," said she, angrily. "To leave Rome without calling here, without consulting my wishes, and learning my intentions for the future, is a gross forgetfulness of proper respect."

"I take it, the news of the trial was too much for him. Longworth said it would, and that the comments of the press would be insupportable besides."

"But what have I to do with that, sir? Mr. Bramleigh's first duty was to come here. I should have been thought of. I was the first person this family should have remembered in their hour of difficulty."

"There was no intentional want of respect in it, I'll be bound," cried Pracontal.

"It was just a bashful man's dread of an awkward moment—that English terror of what you call a 'scene'—that sent him off."

"It is generous of you, sir, to become his apologist. I only wonder"—here she stopped, and seemed confused.

"Go on, my lady. Pray finish what you began."

"No, sir. It is as well unsaid."

"But it was understood, my lady, just as well as if it had been uttered. Your ladyship wondered who was to apologise for me."

She grew crimson as he spoke; but a faint smile seemed to say how thoroughly she relished that southern keenness that could divine a half-uttered thought.

"How quick you are," said she, without a trace of irritation.

"Say, rather, how quick he ought to be who attempts to parry *you* at fence. And, after all," said he, in a lighter tone, "is it not as well that he has spared us all an embarrassment? I could not surely have been able to condole with *him*, and how could he have congratulated *me*?"

"Pardon me, Count, but the matter, so far as I learn, is precisely as it was before. There is neither subject for condolence nor gratulation."

"So far as the verdict of the jury went, my lady, you are quite right; but what do you say to that larger, wider verdict pronounced by the press, and repeated in a thousand forms by the public? May I read you one passage, only one, from my lawyer Mr. Kelson's letter?"

"Is it short?"

"Very short."

"And intelligible?"

"Most intelligible."

"Read it then."

"Here it is," said he, opening a letter and turning to the last page. "'Were I to sum up what is the popular opinion of the result, I could not do better than repeat what a City capitalist said to me this morning, 'I'd rather lend Count Pracontal twenty thousand pounds to-day, than take Mr. Bramleigh's mortgage for ten.'"

"Let me read that. I shall comprehend his meaning better than by hearing it. This means evidently," said she, after reading the passage, "that your chances are better than his."

"Kelson tells me success is certain."

"And your cautious friend, Mr. —; I always forget that man's name."

"Longworth?"

"Yes, Longworth. What does he say?"

"He is already in treaty with me to let him have a small farm which adjoins his grounds, and which he would like to throw into his lawn."

"Seriously?"

"No, not a bit seriously; but we pass the whole morning building these sort of castles in Spain, and the grave way that he entertains such projects ends by making me believe I am actually the owner of Castello and all its belongings."

"Tell me some of your plans," said she, with a livelier interest than she had yet shown.

"First of all, reconciliation, if that be its proper name, with all that calls itself Bramleigh. I don't want to be deemed a usurper, but a legitimate monarch. It is to be a restoration."

"Then you ought to marry Nelly. I declare that never struck me before."

"Nor has it yet occurred to me, my lady," said he, with a faint show of irritation.

"And why not, sir? Is it that you look higher?"

"I look higher," said he; and there was a solemn intensity in his air and manner as he spoke.

"I declare, Monsieur de Pracontal, it is scarcely delicate to say this to me."

"Your ladyship insists on my being candid, even at the hazard of my courtesies."

"I do not complain of your candour, sir. It is your — your —"

"My pretension?"

"Well, yes, pretension will do."

"Well, my lady, I will not quarrel with the phrase. I do 'pretend,' as we say in French. In fact, I have been little other than a pretender these last few years."

"And what is it you pretend to? May I ask the question?"

"I do not know if I may dare to answer it," said he, slowly. . . . "I will explain what I mean," added he, after a brief silence, and drawing his chair somewhat nearer to where she sat. "I will explain. If, in one of my imaginative gossipries with a friend, I were to put forward some claim — some ambition — which would sound absurd coming from me now, but which, were I the owner of a great estate, would neither be extravagant nor ridiculous, the memory of that unlucky pretension would live against me ever after, and the laugh that my vanity excited would ring in my ears long after I had ceased to regard the sentiment as vanity at all. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, I believe I do. I would only have you remember that I am not Mr. Longworth."

"A reason the more for my caution."

"Couldn't we converse without riddles, Count Pracontal?"

"I protest I should like to do so."

"And as I make no objection —"

"Then to begin. You asked me what I should do if I were to gain my suit; and my answer is, if I were not morally certain to gain it, I'd never exhibit myself in the absurd position of planning a life I was never to arrive at."

"You are too much a Frenchman for that."

"Precisely, madam. I am too much a Frenchman for that. The exquisite sensibility to ridicule puts a very fine edge on national character, though your countrymen will not admit it."

"It makes very tetchy acquaintances," said she, with a malicious laugh.

"And develops charming generosity in those who forgive us!"

"I cry off. I can't keep up this game of give and take flatteries. Let us come back to what we were talking of, that is, if either of us can remember it. O yes, I know it now. You were going to tell me the splendid establishment you'd keep at Castello. I am sure the cook will have nothing to desire — but how about the stable? That 'steppere' will not 'exactly' be in his place in an Irish county."

"Madam, you forget I was a lieutenant of hussars."

"My dear Count, that does not mean riding."

"Madam!"

"I should now rise and say 'Monsieur!' and it would be very good comedy after the French pattern; but I prefer the sofa and my ease, and will simply beg you to remember the contract we made the other day — that each was to be at liberty to say any impertinence to the other, without offence being taken."

Pracontal laid his hand on his heart, and bowed low and deep.

"There are some half a dozen people in that garden yonder, who have passed and repassed — I can't tell how many times — just to observe us. You'll see them again in a few minutes, and we shall be town-talk to-morrow, I'm certain. There are no tête-à-têtes ever permitted in Rome if a cardinal or a monsignore be not one of the performers."

"Are those they?" cried he, suddenly.

"Yes, and there's not the least occasion for that flash of the eye, and that hot glow of indignation on the cheek. I assure you, Monsieur, there is nobody to 'couper la gorge' with you, or share in any of those social pleasantries which make the 'Bois' famous. The curiously minded individual is a lady — a Mrs. Trumpler — and her attendants are a few freshly arrived curates. There now, sit down again, and look less like a wounded tiger, for all this sort of thing fusses and fevers me. Yes, you may fan me, though if the detectives return it will make the report more highly coloured."

Pracontal was now seated on a low stool beside her sofa, and fanning her assiduously.

"Not but these people are all right," continued she. "It is quite wrong in me to admit you to my intimacy — wrong to admit you at all. My sister is so angry about it, she won't come here — fact, I assure you. Now don't look so delighted and so triumphant, and the rest of it. As your nice little phrase has it, you 'are for nothing' in the matter at all. It is all myself, my own whim, my fancy, my caprice. I saw that the step was just as unadvisable as they said it was."

I saw that any commonly discreet person would not have even made your acquaintance, standing as I did; but unfortunately for me, like poor Eve, the only tree whose fruit I covet is the one I'm told isn't good for me. There go our friends once more. I wish I could tell her who you are, and not keep her in this state of torturing anxiety."

"Might I ask, my lady," said he, gravely, "if you have heard anything to my discredit or disparagement, as a reason for the severe sentence you have just spoken?"

"No, unfortunately not, for in that case my relatives would have forgiven me. They know the wonderful infatuation that attracts me to damaged reputations, and as they have not yet found out any considerable flaw in yours they are puzzled, out of all measure, to know what it is I see in you."

"I am overwhelmed by your flattery, madam," said he, trying to seem amused, but, in spite of himself, showing some irritation.

"Not that," resumed she, in that quiet manner which showed that her mind had gone off suddenly in another direction, "not that I owe much deference to the Bramleighs, who, one and all, have treated me with little courtesy. Marion behaved shamefully—that, of course, was to be expected. To marry that odious old creature for a position implied how she would abuse the position when she got it. As I said to Gusty, when a young Oxford man gives five guineas for a mount, he doesn't think he has the worth of his money if he doesn't smash his collar-bone. There, put down that fan, you are making me feverish. Then the absurdity of playing *Peersess* to me! How ashamed the poor old man was; he reddened through all his rouge. Do you know," added she, in an excited manner, "that she had the impertinence to compare her marriage with mine, and say, that at least rank and title were somewhat nobler ambitions than a mere subsistence and a settlement. But I answered her. I told her, 'You have forgotten one material circumstance. I did not live with your father!' O yes! we exchanged a number of little courtesies of this kind, and I was so sorry when I heard she had gone to Naples. I was only getting into stride when the race was over. As to my settlement, I have not the very vaguest notion who'll pay it; perhaps it may be *you*. Oh, of course, I know the unutterable bliss, but you must really ask your lawyer, how is my lien to be disposed of. Some one said to me the other day that, besides the estate, you would have a claim for about eighty thousand pounds."

"It was Longworth said so."

"I don't like your friend Longworth. Is he a gentleman?"

"Most unquestionably."

"Well, but I mean a born gentleman? I detest and I distrust your nature-made gentlemen, who, having money enough to 'get up' the part, deem that quite sufficient. I want the people whose families have given guarantees for character during some generations. Six o'clock! Only think, you are here three mortal hours! I declare, sir, this must not occur again; and I have to dress now. I dine at the Prince Cornarini's. Do you go there?"

"I go nowhere, my lady. I know no one."

"Well, I can't present you. It would be too compromising. And yet they want men like you very much here. The Romans are so dull and stately, and the English, who frequent the best houses, are so dreary. There, go away now. You want to leave to come to-morrow, but I'll not grant it. I must hear what Mrs. Trumpler says before I admit you again."

"When then may I —?"

"I don't know; I have not thought of it. Let it be — let it be when you have gained your law-suit," cried she, in a burst of laughter, and hurried out of the room.

#### CHAPTER L.

##### CATTARO.

If Cattaro was more picturesque and strange-looking than the Bramleighs had expected, it was also far more poverty-stricken and desolate. The little town, escarped out of a lofty mountain, with the sea in front, consisted of little more than one straggling street, which followed every bend and indentation of the shore. It is true, wherever a little "plateau" offered on the mountain, a house was built; and to these small winding paths led up, through rocks bristling with the cactus, or shaded by oleanders large as olive-trees. Beautiful little bits of old Venetian architecture, in balconies or porticoes, peeped out here and there through the dark foliage of oranges and figs; and richly-ornamented gates, whose arabesques yet glistened with tarnished gilding, were festooned with many a flowery creeper, and that small banksia-rose, so tasteful in its luxuriance. From the sea it would be impossible to imagine anything more beautiful or more romantic. As you landed, however, the illusion faded, and dirt, misery, and want stared at you at every step. Decay and ruin were on all sides. Palaces, whose marble mouldings and architraves were in



the richest style of Byzantine art, were propped up by rude beams of timber that obstructed the footway, while from their windows and balconies hung rags and tattered draperies, the signs of a poverty within great as the ruin without. The streets were lined with a famished, half-clothed population, sitting idly or sleeping. A few here and there affected to be vendors of fruit and vegetables, but the mass were simply loungers reduced to the miserable condition of an apathy which saw nothing better to be done with life than dream it away. While Bramleigh and L'Estrange were full of horror at the wretchedness of the place, their sisters were almost wild with delight at its barbaric beauty, its grand savagery and its brilliant picturesque character. The little inn, which probably for years had dispensed no other hospitalities than those of the café, that extended from the darkly-columned portico to half across the piazza, certainly contributed slightly to allay the grumblings of the travellers. The poorly furnished rooms were ill kept and dirty, the servants lazy, and the fare itself the very humblest imaginable.

Nothing but the unflinching good temper and good spirits of Julia and Nelly could have rallied the men out of their sulky discontent; that spirit to make the best of everything, to catch at every passing gleam of sunlight on the landscape, and even in moments of discouragement to rally at the first chance of what may cheer and gladden, — this is womanly, essentially womanly. It belongs not to the man's nature; and even if he should have it, he has it in a less discriminative shape and in a coarser fashion.

While Augustus and L'Estrange then sat sulkily smoking their cigars on the sea-wall, contemptuously turning their backs on the mountain variegated with every hue of foliage, and broken in every picturesque form, the girls had found out a beautiful old villa, almost buried in orange-trees in a small cleft of the mountain, through which a small cascade descended and fed a fountain that played in the hall; the perfect stillness, only broken by the splash of the falling water, and the sense of delicious freshness imparted by the crystal circles eddying across the marble fount, so delighted them that they were in ecstasies when they found that the place was to be let, and might be their own for a sum less than a very modest "entresol" would cost in a cognate city.

"Just imagine, Gusty, he will let it to us for three hundred florins a year; and for fifteen hundred we may buy it out and out,

for ever." This was Nelly's salutation as she came back full of all she had seen, and glowing with enthusiasm over the splendid luxuriance of the vegetation and the beauty of the view.

"It is really princely inside, although in terrible dilapidation and ruin. There are over two of the fireplaces the Doge's arms, which shows that a Venetian magnate once lived there."

"What do you say, George?" cried Bramleigh. "Don't you think you'd rather invest fifteen hundred florins in a boat to escape from this dreary hole than purchase a prison to live in it?"

"You must come and see the 'Fontanella' — so they call it — before you decide," said Julia. "Meanwhile here is a rough sketch I made from the garden side."

"Come, that looks very pretty, indeed," cried George. "Do you mean to say it is like that?"

"That's downright beautiful!" said Bramleigh. "Surely these are not marble — these columns?"

"It is all marble — the terrace, the balconies, the stairs, the door-frames; and as to the floors, they are laid down in variegated slabs, with a marvellous instinct as to colour and effect. I declare, I think it handsomer than Castello," cried Nelly.

"Haven't I often said," exclaimed Bramleigh, "that there was nothing like being ruined to impart a fresh zest to existence? You seem to start anew in the race, and unweighted too."

"As George and I have always been in the condition you speak of," said Julia, "this charm of novelty is lost to us."

"Let us put it to the vote," said Nelly eagerly. "Shall we buy it?"

"First of all let us see it," interposed Bramleigh. "To-day I have to make my visit to the authorities. I have to present myself before the great officials, and announce that I have come to be the representative of the last joint of the British lion's tail; but that he being a great beast of wonderful strength and terrific courage, to touch a hair of him is temerity itself."

"And they will believe you?" asked Julia.

"Of course they will. It would be very hard that we should not survive in the memories of people who live in lonely spots and read no newspapers."

"Such a place for vegetation I never saw," cried Nelly. "There are no glass windows in the hall, but through the ornamental ironwork the oranges and limes pierce through and hang in great clusters; the whole covered with the crimson scan-

thus and the blue japonica, till the very brilliancy of colour actually dazzles you."

"We'll write a great book up there, George, — 'Cattaro under the Doges:' or shall it be a romance?" said Bramleigh.

"I'm for a diary," said Julia, "where each of us shall contribute his share of life among the wild-olives."

"Ju's right," cried Nelly; "and as I have no gift of authorship, I'll be the public."

"No, you shall be the editor, dearest," said Julia; "he is always like the Speaker in the House, — the person who does the least and endures the most."

"All this does not lead us to any decision," said L'Estrange. "Shall I go up there all alone, and report to you this evening what I see and what I think of the place?"

This proposal was at once acceded to; and now they went their several ways, not to meet again till a late dinner.

"How nobly and manfully your brother bears up," said Julia, as she walked back to the inn with Nelly.

"And there is no display in it," said Nelly, warmly. "Now that he is beyond the reach of condolence and compassion, he fears nothing. And you will see that when the blow falls, as he says it must, he will not wince nor shrink."

"If I had been a man, I should like to have been of that mould."

"And it is exactly what you would have been, dear Julia. Gusty said, only yesterday, that you had more courage than us all."

When L'Estrange returned, he came accompanied by an old man in very tattered clothes, and the worst possible hat, whose linen was far from spotless, as were his hands innocent of soap. He was, however, the owner of the villa, and a Count of the great family of Kreptowicz. If his appearance was not much in his favour, his manners were those of a well-bred person, and his language that of education. He was eager to part with this villa, as he desired to go and live with a married daughter at Ragusa; and he protested that, at the price he asked, it was not a sale, but a present; that to any other than Englishmen he never would part with a property that had been six hundred years in his family, and which contained the bones of his distinguished ancestors, of which, incidentally, he threw in small historic details; and, last of all, he avowed that he desired to confide the small chapel where these precious remains were deposited to the care of men of station and character. This chapel was only used once a year, when a mass for the dead was celebra-

ted, so that the Count insisted no inconvenience could be incurred by the tenant. Indeed, he half hinted that, if that one annual celebration were objected to, his ancestors might be prayed for elsewhere, or even rest satisfied with the long course of devotion to their interests which had been maintained up to the present time. As for the chapel itself, he described it as a gem which even Venice could not rival. There were frescoes of marvellous beauty, and some carvings in wood and ivory that were priceless. Some years back, he had employed a great artist to restore some of the paintings, and supply the place of others that were beyond restoration, and now it was in a state of perfect condition, as he would be proud to show them.

"You are aware that we are heretics, Monsieur?" said Julia.

"We are all sons of Adam, Mademoiselle," said he, with a polite bow; and it was clear that he could postpone spiritual questions to such time as temporal matters might be fully completed.

As the chapel was fully twenty minutes' walk from the villa, and much higher on the mountain side, had it even been frequented by the country people it could not have been any cause of inconvenience to the occupants of the villa; and this matter being settled, and some small conditions as to surrender being agreed to, Bramleigh engaged to take it for three years, with a power to purchase if he desired it.

Long after the contract was signed and completed, the old Count continued, in a half-complaining tone, to dwell on the great sacrifice he had made, what sums of money were to be made of the lemons and oranges, how the figs were celebrated even at Ragusa, and Fontanella melons had actually brought ten kreutzers — three-halfpence — apiece in the market at Zara.

"Who is it," cried Julia, as the old man took his leave, "who said that the old mercantile spirit never died out in the great Venetian families, and that the descendants of the doges, with all their pride of blood and race, were dealers and traders whenever an occasion of gain presented itself?"

"Our old friend there has not belied the theory," said Bramleigh; "but I am right glad that we have secured La Fontanella."

## CHAPTER II.

### SOME NEWS FROM WITHOUT.

THERE is a sad significance in the fact that the happiest days in our lives are those most difficult to chronicle; it is as though the very essence of enjoyment was its une-

ventful nature. Thus was it that the little household at the Fontanella felt their present existence. Its simple pleasures, its peacefulness never palled upon them. There was that amount of general similarity in tastes amongst them that secures concord, and that variety of disposition and temperament which promotes and sustains interest.

Julia was the life of all; for though seeming to devote herself to the cares of household and management, and in reality carrying on all the details of management, it was she who gave to their daily life its colour and flavour; she who suggested occupations and interest to each; and while Augustus was charged to devote his gun and rod to the replenishment of the larder, George was converted into a gardener; all the decorative department of the household being confided to Nelly, who made the bouquets for the breakfast and dinner-tables, arranged the fruit in artistic fashion, and was supreme in exacting dinner-dress and the due observance of all proper etiquette. Julia was inflexible on this point; for, as she said, "though people laugh at deposed princes for their persistence in maintaining a certain state and a certain pageantry in their exile, without these what becomes of their prestige, and what becomes of themselves? they merge into a new existence, and lose their very identity. We, too, may be 'restored' one of these days, and let it be our care not to have forgotten the habits of our station." There was in this, as in most she said, a semi-seriousness that made one doubt when she was in earnest; and this half-quizzing manner enabled her to carry out her will and bear down opposition in many cases where a sterner logic would have failed her.

Her greatest art of all, however, was to induce the others to believe that the chief charm of their present existence was its isolation. She well knew that while she herself and Nelly would never complain of the loneliness of their lives, their estrangement from the world and all its pursuits, its pleasures and its interests, the young men would soon discover what monotony marked their days, how uneventful they were, and how uniform. To convert all these into merits; to make them believe that this immunity from the passing accidents of life was the greatest of blessings, to induce them to regard the peace in which they lived as the highest charm that could adorn existence, and at the same time not suffer them to lapse into dreamy inactivity or lethargic indifference, was a great trial of skill, and it was hers to achieve it. As she said, not without a touch of vain-glory, one day to Nelly, "How intensely eager I have made

them about small things. Your brother was up at daylight to finish his rock-work for the creepers, and George felled that tree for the keel of his new boat before breakfast. Think of that, Nelly; and neither of them as much as asked if the post had brought them letters and newspapers. Don't laugh, dearest. When men forget the post-hour, there is something wonderfully good or bad has befallen them."

"But it is strange, after all, Ju, how little we have come to care for the outer world. I protest I am glad to think that there are only two mails a week — a thing that when we came here led me to believe that it would not be possible to endure."

"To George and myself it matters little," said Julia, and her tone had a touch of sadness in it, in spite of her attempt to smile. "It would not be easy to find two people whom the world can live without at so little cost. There is something in that, Nelly; though I'm not sure that is all gain."

"Well, you have your recompence, Julia," said the other, affectionately, "for there is a little 'world' here could not exist without you."

"Two hares, and something like a black cock, they call it a caper," here cried Augustus from beneath the window. "Come down, and let us have breakfast on the terrace. By the way, I have just got a letter in Cutbill's hand. It has been a fortnight in coming, but I only glanced at the date of it."

As they gathered around the breakfast-table they were far more eager to learn what had been done in the garden and what progress was being made with the fish-pond, than to hear Mr. Cutbill's news, and his letter lay open till nigh the end of the meal on the table before any one thought of it.

"Who wants to read Cutbill?" said Augustus, indolently.

"Not I, Gusti, if he write as he talks."

"Do you know, I thought him very pleasant?" said L'Estrange. "He told me so much that I had never heard of, and made such acute remarks on life and people."

"Poor dear George was so flattered by Mr. Cutbill's praise of his boiled mutton, that he took quite a liking to the man; and when he declared that some poor little wine we gave him had a flavour of 'Muscat' about it, like old Moselle, I really believe he might have borrowed money of us if he had wanted, and if we had had any."

"I wish you would read him aloud, Julia," said Augustus.

"With all my heart," said she, turning over the letter to see its length. "It does seem a long document, but it is a marvel of

clear writing. Now for it:—'Naples, Hotel Victoria. My dear Bramleigh.' Of course you are his dear Bramleigh? Lucky, after all, that it's not dear Gusty."

"That's exactly what makes everything about that man intolerable to me," said Nelly. "The degree of intimacy between people is not to be measured by the inferior."

"I will have no discussions, no interruptions," said Julia. "If there are to be comments, they must be made by me."

"That's tyranny, I think," cried Nelly.

"I call it more than arrogance," said Augustus.

"My dear Bramleigh," continued Julia, reading aloud—"I followed the old viscount down here, not in the best of tempers, I assure you; and though not easily outwitted or baffled in such matters, it was not till after a week that I succeeded in getting an audience. There's no denying it, he's the best actor on or off the boards in Europe. He met me coldly, haughtily. I had treated him badly, forsooth, shamefully; I had not deigned a reply to any of his letters. He had written me three—he wasn't sure there were not four letters—to Rome. He had sent me cards for the Pope's chapel—cards for Cardinal Somebody's receptions—cards for a concert at St. Paul's, outside the walls. I don't know what attentions he had not showered on me, nor how many of his high and titled friends had not called at a hotel where I never stopped, or left their names with a porter I never saw. I had to wait till he poured forth all this with a grand eloquence, at once disdainful and damaging; the peroration being in this wise—that such lapses as mine were things unknown in the latitudes inhabited by well-bred people. 'These things are not done, Mr. Cutbill!' said he, arrogantly; 'these things are not done! You may call them trivial omissions, mere trifles, casual forgetfulnesses and such like; but even men who have achieved distinction, who have won fame and honours and reputation, as I am well aware is your case, would do well to observe the small obligations which the discipline of society enforces, and condescend to exchange that small coin of civilities which form the circulating medium of good manners.' When he had delivered himself of this he sat down overpowered, and though I, in very plain language, told him that I did not believe a syllable about letters nor accept one word of the lesson, he only fanned himself and bathed his temples with rose-water, no more heeding me or my indignation than if I had been one of the figures on his Japanese screen.

"'You certainly said you were stopping at the 'Minerva,'" said he.

"'I certainly told your lordship I was at Spilman's.'

"He wanted to show me why this could not possibly be the case—how men like himself never made mistakes, and men like me continually did so—that the very essence of great men's lives was to attach importance to those smaller circumstances that inferior people disregarded, and so on; but I simply said, 'Let us leave that question where it is, and go on to a more important one. Have you had time to look over my account?'

"'If you had received the second of those letters you have with such unfeigned candour assured me were never written, you'd have seen that I only desire to know the name of your banker in town, that I may order my agent to remit the money.'

"'Let us make no more mistakes about an address, my lord,' said I. 'I'll take a cheque for the amount now,' and he gave it. He sat down and wrote me an order on Hedges and Holt, Pall Mall, for fifteen hundred pounds.

"'I was so overcome by the promptitude and by the grand manner he handed it to me, that I am free to confess I was heartily ashamed of my previous rudeness, and would have given a handsome discount off my cheque to have been able to obliterate all memory of my insolence.

"'Is there anything more between us, Mr. Cutbill?' said he, politely, 'for I think it would be a mutual benefit if we could settle all our outlying transactions at the present interview.'

"'Well,' said I, 'there's that two thousand of the parson's, paid in, if you remember, after Portlaw's report to your lordship that the whole scheme must founder.'

"He tried to browbeat at this. It was a matter in which I had no concern; it was a question which Mr. L'Estrange was at full liberty to bring before the courts of law; my statement about Portlaw was incorrect; dates were against me, law was against me, custom was against me, and at last it was high dinner-hour, and time was against me; 'unless,' said he, with a change of voice I never heard equalled off the stage, 'you will stay and eat a very humble dinner with Temple and myself, for my lady is indisposed.'

"To be almost on fighting terms with a man ten minutes ago, and to accept his invitation to dinner now, seemed to me one of those things perfectly beyond human accomplishment; but the way in which he tendered the invitation, and the altered tone

he imparted to his manner, made me feel that not to imitate him was to stamp myself for ever as one of those vulgar dogs whom he had just been ridiculing, and I assented.

"I have a perfect recollection of a superb dinner, but beyond that, and that the champagne was decanted, and that there was a large cheese stuffed with truffles, and that there were ortolans in ice, I know nothing. It was one of the pleasantest evenings I ever passed in my life. I sang several songs, and might have sung more if a message had not come from my lady to beg that the piano might be stopped, an intimation which closed the *séance*, and I said good-night. The next morning Temple called to say my lord was too much engaged to be able to receive me again, and as to that little matter I had mentioned, he had an arrangement to propose which might be satisfactory; and whether it was that my faculties were not the clearer for my previous night's convivialities, or that Temple's explanations were of the most muddled description, or that the noble lord had purposely given him a tangled skein to unravel, I don't know, but all I could make out of the proposed arrangement was that he wouldn't give any money back—no, not on any terms: to do so would be something so derogatory to himself, to his rank, to his position in diplomacy; it would amount to a self-accusation of fraud; what would be thought of him by his brother peers, by society, by the world, and by THE OFFICE?"

"He had, however, the alternate presentation to the living of Oxington in Herts. It was two hundred and forty pounds per annum and a house—in fact 'a provision more than ample,' he said, 'for any man not utterly a worldling.' He was not sure whether the next appointment lay with himself or a certain Sir Marcus Cluff—a retired fishmonger, he thought,—then living at Rome; but so well as I could make out, if it was Lord Culduff's turn he would appoint L'Estrange, and if it was Cluff's, we were to cajole, or to bully, or to persuade him out of it; and L'Estrange was to be inducted as soon as the present incumbent, who only wanted a few months of ninety, was promoted to a better place. This may all seem very confused, dim, and unintelligible, but it is a plain ungarbled statement in comparison with what I received from Temple—who, to do him justice, felt all the awkwardness of being sent out to do something he didn't understand by means that he never possessed. He handed me, however, a letter for Cluff from the noble viscount, which I was to deliver at once; and, in fact, this much was intelligible, that the

sooner I took myself away from Naples, in any direction I liked best, the better. There are times when it is as well not to show that you see the enemy is cheating you, when the shrewdest policy is to let him deem you a dupe and wait patiently till he has compromised himself beyond recall. In this sense I agreed to be the bearer of the letter, and started the same night for Rome.

"Cluff was installed at the same hotel where I was stopping, and I saw him the next morning. He was a poor broken-down creature, sitting in a room saturated with some peculiar vapour which seemed to agree with him, but half suffocated me. The viscount's letter, however, very nearly put us on a level, for it took his breath away, and all but finished him.

"'Do you know, sir,' said he, 'that Lord Culduff talks here of a title to a presentation that I bought with the estate thirty years ago, and that he has no more right in the matter than he has to the manor-house. The vicarage is in my sole gift, and though the present incumbent is but two-and-thirty, he means to resign and go out to New Zealand.' He mandered on about Lord Culduff's inexplicable blunder; what course he ought to adopt towards him; if it were actionable, or if a simple apology would be the best solution, and at last said, 'There was no one for whom he had a higher esteem than Mr. L'Estrange, and that if I would give him his address he would like to communicate with him personally in the matter.' This looked at least favourable, and I gave it with great willingness; but I am free to own I have become now so accustomed to be jockeyed at every step I go, that I wouldn't trust the Pope himself, if he only promised me anything beyond his blessing.

"I saw Cluff again to-day, and he said he had half written his letter to L'Estrange; but being his ante-fumigation day, when his doctor enjoined complete repose, he could not complete or post the document till Saturday. I have thought it best, however, to apprise you, and L'Estrange through you, that such a letter is on its way to Cattaro, and I trust with satisfactory intelligence. And now that I must bring this long narrative to an end, I scarcely know whether I shall repeat a scandal you may have heard already, or more probably still, like to hear now, but it is the town-talk here: that Præcantal, or Count Bramleigh,—I don't know which name he is best known by—is to marry Lady Augusta. Some say that the marriage will depend on the verdict of the trial being in his favour; others declare that she has accepted him unconditionally. I



was not disposed to believe the story, but Cluff assures me that it is unquestionable, and that he knows a lady to whom Lady Augusta confided this determination. And, as Cluff says, such an opportunity of shocking the world will not occur every day, and it cannot be expected she could resist the temptation.

"I am going back to England at once, and I enclose you my town address in case you want me: 'No. 4, Joy Court, Cannon Street.' The Cuduff mining-scheme is now

wound up, and the shareholders have signed a consent. Their first dividend of fourpence will be paid in January, future payment will be announced by notice. Tell L'Estrange, however, not to 'come in,' but to wait.

"If I can be of service in any way, make use of me, and if I cannot, don't forget me, but think me as, what I once overheard L'Estrange's sister call me, — a well-meaning snob, and very faithfully yours,

"T. CUTBILL."

**THE PEOPLE OF ABYSSINIA.** — In form and feature the Abyssinians are superior to the most advanced tribes of Central Africa. Of the middle stature, but somewhat slender, they carry themselves very erect; nor are their rounded limbs deficient in muscular power. In complexion, indeed, they vary from light olive brown to jet black; and in the low country the admixture of negro blood is easily discernible. The Amhara women are described by Mr. Stern as plump and well-proportioned, "with high and broad foreheads, aquiline noses, and eyes which, notwithstanding their unpleasant large size and dark brilliancy, are so tempered by a soft dreamy expression, that they rather enhance, than detract from, what Orientals consider the perfection of beauty." Unfortunately they cannot let well alone, but are often tempted to supplement nature by art. It is thus they eradicate their eyebrows, and paint in their place a narrow curved line of bluish tint, at the same time daubing their cheeks with a pigment composed of red ochre and fat. But what an Abyssinian lady most prides herself upon is the luxuriance of her raven hair, though she does her utmost to counteract this natural beauty by dressing it after a hideous and execrable fashion. Sometimes a portion of the head is close shaven and encircled with a narrow greasy fillet, but more frequently the hair is twisted into a multitude of plaits diverging from a common centre, and reminding a European of the statues and monuments of ancient Egypt. Occasionally, in the highest circles, the hair is allowed to fall in natural curls over the neck and shoulders; while countrywomen and domestic servants simply tuzzle their superabundant locks into a tangled mass; but all classes alike besmear their heads with rancid butter, disgusting both to sight and smell. To prevent the elaborate plaits from becoming dishevelled by restless movements during sleep, ladies of rank rest their heads at night in a sort of bowl-shaped stool, which they carry with them when leaving home. However particular they may be in the adjustment of their luxuriant hair, the women of Abyssinia are comparatively negligent in the matter of dress.

The higher classes attire themselves in a chemise, or under garment, over which they wear "a loose shirt reaching below the knees, and neatly embroidered in front and on the cuffs." In addition to this simple costume, a *shama*, or toga, with a smart silk border, is on certain occasions wrapped round the form in graceful folds, or a gaudy cloak of European manufacture is thrown over the shoulders. In the humbler grades of society, however, women content themselves with a wide sack of strong coarse calico, with baggy sleeves, girded round the waist with a narrow belt. When going abroad they also wrap themselves in a sort of toga, or winding-sheet, not unlike the Bengali dress, the folds of which envelop their persons from head to foot. The peasant women are satisfied with still less clothing, merely covering their loins with a short petticoat made of coarse cotton or dressed skin. On one point rich and poor are quite in accord. Nothing can exceed their passion for ornaments. Those who can afford it, festoon themselves with chains of silver bells, scent-boxes, rosaries, bangles, and charms against the evil eye; while the less fortunate deck themselves out with strings of amulets sewn in square leather cases, and of beads, the fashion of which varies — as Bruce discovered, to his momentary discomfiture. He had purchased, we are told, "a quantity beautifully flowered with red and green, of the size of a large pea; also some large oval green and yellow ones; whereas the *ton* among the beauties of Tigré required small sky-blue beads, about the size of small lead shot, blue and white bugles, and large yellow glass beads flat on the sides." Tastes, however, seem to have changed since then; for Mr. Stern speaks of large black and yellow beads as being most in vogue five or six years ago. Neither men nor women wear shoes, with the exception of "a few stylish ladies and conceited priests;" but the former sometimes dye both their feet and their hands of a reddish hue. A blue silken cord, called *matleb*, is worn round the neck by every Abyssinian professing Christianity, whether male or female.

Belgravia.

From The Saturday Review.

PLON'S LIFE OF THORVALDSEN.\*

IN the month of September, 1838, a Danish frigate entered the Sound between Sweden and Denmark, and as there was little wind, and that contrary, anchored off Helsingöer. The next morning a steamer with deputations from both countries came to welcome the frigate with all signs of rejoicing—flags, and songs, and musical bands. This frigate, the *Rota*, had been sent to Italy to fetch an exalted personage, who now came to Denmark with a suite of attendants and sixty large cases of luggage. Copenhagen was in a state of the utmost excitement. The people were in such a fervid condition of mind that they observed the phenomena of the sky with a superstitious readiness to accept and interpret them as omens. An aurora borealis shone in the heavens when the frigate lay all night off Helsingöer, and when she became visible to the inhabitants of Copenhagen it was under the arch of a bright rainbow. A little fleet of boats, decorated with flags, and bearing each one a deputation from some profession or trade, went to meet the ship, and surrounded her. Two gentlemen had been selected as spokesmen, and these mounted the quarter-deck, where they expressed to the illustrious visitor the delight of the Danish people at his arrival amongst them. A gracious and even cordial reception and reply were given to these gentlemen by the visitor, and at the same instant there arose from the fleet of boats a hymn in his honour, composed expressly for the occasion by a national poet. Then the deputations in the boats climbed the ship's side, and in an instant crowded her decks from stem to stern. So great was the number of people on board that accidents were feared, and the illustrious stranger was humbly entreated not to delay his landing, on which he descended into a boat, which the little fleet soon afterwards surrounded. Then the yards were manned by the sailors, and the sailors cheered. And from the crowded quays of Copenhagen rose a shout of answering welcome that did not cease, but renewed itself continually. On his landing, the visitor was received by a public body, and when he stepped into his carriage the horses were unharnessed and the people dragged it to the palace of Charlottenborg. There, for a time, he was lost to the gaze

of the multitude, but the multitude clamoured for him, and he showed himself on a balcony, on which thousands became half delirious with joy. The square was so crowded, we are told, that the equestrian statue of Christian V. seemed to swim in an agitated sea, and boys hung in bunches from the gas-lamps. The palace was garlanded with flowers, and at night there was a procession with torches, in honour of the hero of the day. For many days afterwards he could get no rest; it was an endless round of banquets and congratulation, and all the inhabitants of the capital who had any claim to position waited upon the visitor. The newspapers were full of him, every minute detail of his existence was recorded, and every morning brought him such quantities of letters, petitions, and invitations, that he found it impossible to read them, and had to employ a gentleman for the purpose. He had so many crosses and stars that he made a little cabinet of them, and showed them to his friends as one of his collections. He was on terms of the greatest intimacy with persons of the most exalted rank, and when the King of Denmark came to ask him to dinner, he declined without embarrassment, on account of a previous engagement, setting aside the universal rule that an invitation from the Sovereign cancels all others.

This illustrious personage, for whom a royal frigate was sent to Italy, and who was received by a whole nation with as much enthusiasm as if he had been its king, and a popular king too, was a sculptor of the classical school, called Albert Thorvaldsen, the son of a poor ship-carpenter in Copenhagen. No artist of this century has been more famous. In comparison with his celebrity, that of Turner, for instance, was perfect obscurity. This Thorvaldsen went from Copenhagen to Rome, and was received in every city with public hospitality and rejoicing. If he passed near a Court, the King invited him to his palace; if he passed near a seat of learning or the fine arts, deputations of *savants* or artists saluted him with flattery so unmeasured that the wonder is how he could endure to listen to it. But he seems to have taken all this very easily, and on the whole to have rather enjoyed it, though without much flutter of vanity. It would have turned the brain of any man of Southern race, but Thorvaldsen, thanks to his tough Northern organization, bore it without any dangerous excitement. The most curious fact about it is, when we think of it, that this man was a sculptor, and that even of the cultivated classes not one person in fifty knows anything whatever about

\* *Thorvaldsen, sa Vie et son Œuvre.* Par Eugène Plon. Ouvrage enrichi de deux gravures au burin par F. Gaillard, ancien pensionnaire de l'Académie de France à Rome, et de trente-cinq compositions du maître, gravées sur bois par Carboneau d'après les dessins de F. Gaillard. Paris: Henri Plon. 1867.

sculpture, or can tell first-rate from fifth-rate work when he sees it; and if we reflect further that a whole nation went mad about Thorvaldsen, we may be sure that the proportion of his adorers who adored on critical grounds must have been quite infinitesimally small, perhaps one in five hundred. Human nature is a curious study in many ways, and few of its peculiarities are more astonishing than its capacity for feeling intense enthusiasm about things of which it is absolutely ignorant, and will not take the trouble to inform itself. The enthusiasm of all these Danes about Thorvaldsen was strong enough to make them shout and sing and drag his carriage through the streets of Copenhagen, but it was not enough to make them study art and ascertain for themselves the merits of the artist. All this they found it easier to take for granted, and the faith which takes things for granted was never more vigorously manifested. We understand more easily a national madness about a soldier, or a ruler, or a religious teacher; but to see a little Northern people, usually remarkable for soberness and practical sense, going almost out of its wits about a sculptor who imitated the antique, is not this really extraordinary? If the Norwegians had a national enthusiasm for Tidemand the painter, this would be more intelligible, because he is Northern and national in feeling, and painting is a far more popular art than sculpture; but that the Danes should have been so delighted with a maker of pseudo-antique statues, however skilful the imitation, passes all understanding. If they had known Thorvaldsen personally very well, we might have attributed their adoration to a liking for the man; but they knew next to nothing about him, for he had always been an absentee, and though, when he came back, his long white hair and nice venerable look were of the greatest use to him, still the enthusiasm was already at fever point before the white locks came in sight on the *Rota*.

The explanation of the Thorvaldsen mania in Denmark is that Denmark is a small country, and felt itself elevated by the European fame of one of its children. London takes the celebrity of its artists more coolly than Copenhagen, but it is fair to add that no artist born in London has ever yet achieved a tithe of the Continental glory of Thorvaldsen. How this immense fame was acquired we already know. Like most of the great officially recognised celebrities in modern art, Thorvaldsen tied his little boat behind the good old ship the *Antique*, and was towed triumphantly into port. There was a time — and this sculptor had the good

luck to establish himself in Rome exactly at that time — when the princes and great people in Europe were much interested in antique art. They were not very particular about the quality of it; they felt about antique art generally a readiness to accept anything it had to offer — something like the disposition of many country clergymen in regard to Gothic, who have a reverence for pointed arches and old tracery generally, and have not yet acquired the audacity to discriminate between the good and bad art of the middle ages. Thorvaldsen fell in with the humour of the time, and produced works which entirely satisfied his patrons. They all seem to have been perfectly delighted with him, except with his tardiness in the delivery of work commissioned. He would accept any quantity of commissions, and establish any number of studios, where he kept a staff of workmen constantly employed in copying his clay models. He understood the art of economizing his own labour, and worked but little in marble, retouching the statues made by his workmen, but not carving much himself. His view of the art of the sculptor was that unfortunately too prevalent in modern times, that it consisted in making clay models. Even in the clay itself Thorvaldsen found means of availing himself of the labours of others. He often sketched the subject roughly in clay, then entrusted it to one of his subordinates to work up to a semi-finish, and retouched finally himself. The quantity of work he left behind him would seem inexplicably large if these facts were not taken into consideration. It must also be remembered that his life was exceptionally long and laborious.

M. Plon's biography is clearly and agreeably written, and we have read it through with great interest. But it has not altered the opinion of Thorvaldsen's personal character which we had formed from what was before known of him. M. Plon's hero is not a man whom we can either love or respect. There are passages in his life which indicate a total absence of honour, and a shameful lack of manly frankness and courage. A Scottish lady, of good family, whose name, with utter want of delicacy, M. Plon gives, in full, was unfortunate enough to place her affections on the unworthy sculptor, who for a time encouraged the belief that they were returned. When a marriage between this lady and Thorvaldsen was considered as settled — when everybody in Rome, and the lady's friends in Scotland, talked of it publicly as a certainty — Thorvaldsen suddenly deserted her to form a connexion with a married woman

from Vienna who lived in the same street and in the opposite house, so that Miss — had the mortification of actually seeing him day after day going and coming from his visits there. The delicacy of this piece of conduct is exactly on a par with his arrangements with a mistress of his called Anna Maria. This woman, who was a sort of superior lady's-maid at a house where Thorvaldsen visited, joined the amusements in which he also took part, and let him seduce her. Some time afterwards, when she had already lived as his mistress, she improved her social position by a marriage with a gentleman who was much her superior in station, but, before the marriage, actually made Thorvaldsen sign an agreement to provide for her maintenance in case of a domestic rupture. This rupture naturally took place when the unfortunate husband found out his wife's true character, and Thorvaldsen, in virtue of the written agreement, found himself saddled with this woman, who governed him imperiously for years after. The two connexions with this Anna Maria and the Austrian lady were going on at the time when he ought to have married Miss —. We should like to know what became of Thorvaldsen's poor old parents during his prosperity at Rome. We have some recollection that, according to another biographer, he allowed his old father to be sent to an asylum. It is certain that, from the time he left Copenhagen as a lad to the time when he came back like a king in a royal ship, he never once either visited his father and mother, or paid their expenses to Rome; and they never set eyes on their son in the days of his celebrity, but toiled on obscurely in their narrow life at Copenhagen. Surely Thorvaldsen cannot have had a really noble nature, or he would have found a deeper pleasure in making his parents witnesses and shares in his prosperity than in the friendship of his greatest patrons.

It would be unjust, however, to paint this man's character entirely in foul colours. Much of his negligence of duty may be attributable to absorption in his occupation, and to his utter ignorance of everything but his trade. Readers who have taken the trouble to study the uneducated classes must have observed that they are less alive to certain forms of duty than those above them, and, without any intention of doing wrong, they act often with what seems to us great hardness and indifference. Now Thorvaldsen was always quite illiterate. A maker of clay models, not a man of cultivated mind, he belonged all his life to the uneducated classes. He acquired, by con-

tact, some colloquial use of other languages than his own, and from constantly mixing in society, some external polish of manner sufficient for the external relations of life. But he never had any delicacy. For instance, Mr. Hope, his first patron, was the cause of all his success. Thorvaldsen was leaving Rome in despair of ever doing anything there; his portmanteaus were packed, and all that hindered his departure was a delay about a passport, when Mr. Hope saved him by a generous and liberal commission. This was in the year 1803. Long before Mr. Hope's statue was finished the artist received other orders, and though Mr. Hope had actually advanced part of the price of the statue, and though he frequently wrote about it, the statue was not delivered to him till the year 1828, Thorvaldsen having executed a hundred things for others in the interval. Now we think that conduct of this kind implies a dullness of perception which is happily rare amongst educated men, but we are willing to admit, in palliation of it, the artist's absorption in other and pressing ideas, and the torpidity of a mind never awakened by education to clear notions of duty and honour. Nothing is said by M. Plon about Thorvaldsen's religious views. He was not a Christian, but notwithstanding this he might have had a more admirable character. Many honourable and just men, whose lives are pure and whose ideal of duty is high, are unbelievers, and there are so many instances of this kind that we cannot admit unbelief as an excuse for failure in duty. The too common habit of saying, "He was an infidel, therefore he was free to do wrong," has the tendency to emancipate sceptics themselves from the sense of duty and obligation. We would rather remind them that, since so many of their number have been capable of rectitude, they must all be held responsible members of society.

Let us close this notice with a pleasant trait. Thorvaldsen, in his utmost height of fame, never scorned poor people. At the time of his full, ripe glory in Copenhagen he actually wanted to eat with his servants, who were man and wife, in order to save the woman the trouble of two services. He was economical to parsimony, and his personal expenses were trifling; but he was liberal in donations, and this liberality had to be restrained and controlled by one of his friends, who became a sort of secretary to him. It has been said that he was fond of smoking and drinking; but so, in a moderate convivial way, are many excellent men, and an entire indifference to these pleasures is usually the sign either of an

unsocial disposition or of indifferent health. There must have been something personally attractive in Thorvaldsen, or he could not have had so many and such kind friends.

---

From The Saturday Review.

### FENCING.

AMID the general and increasing popularity of athletic sports in England it is remarkable that one branch of them, which was formerly the most esteemed of all, has shown the faintest symptoms of vitality. *La science du très-bel, très-noble, très-honorable et puissant exercice des armes*, as it is styled in one of the earliest treatises on the subject, has fallen on evil days, and the display of any enthusiasm for an art which our great-grandfathers considered as one of the highest accomplishments of a gentleman would probably be now considered, at least in a civilian, to betoken an eccentricity of character, or possibly a somewhat vulgar taste. Yet fencing is one of the most useful bodily exercises that ever were devised, and it is a mental exercise besides. To fence well requires ingenuity in devising and concealing plans of attack, close watchfulness of an adversary's play, and skill and readiness in penetrating and defeating his plans, and taking advantage of every false movement. The terms of the fencing-school are still used to describe purely mental conflicts, even by writers who hardly understand them. Fencing is moreover an essentially gentlemanly amusement. Indeed it is in some sort a method of instruction in politeness, for many relics of the formal courtesy of bygone times still linger in the fencing-school. The grave and elaborate movements of the salute which precedes a fencing "assault" are a quaint reminiscence of the days when the art of making a bow was taught "in five motions, for the use of persons of quality only."

In the French army the art of fencing has always been diligently cultivated, and our own military authorities have of late rather awkwardly encouraged it. In 1864 they set forth a small pamphlet for the use of Instructors in the army. Two publications intended for the same purpose had previously appeared. One was a complete and elaborate exposition of the art by Mr. George Chapman, the Honorary Secretary of the London Fencing Club, and one of the most skilful amateurs in Europe. The other was a small pamphlet by M. Pierre Prevost, a distinguished French professor

of fencing, who has been for a long time settled in England. The Horse Guards, however, thought fit to entrust the preparation of the official work to a gentleman of high reputation as a teacher of gymnastics proper, but unknown in the fencing world. The work, when it appeared, certainly possessed the quality of novelty, but the theories of Bishop Colenso himself did not produce a greater commotion among the orthodox than one or two of the instructions contained in this system of fencing awakened among the votaries of that art.

The entertainment which is now designated by the translated title of "Assault of Arms" was introduced into England about the middle of the last century. Our forefathers were content with the humbler title of a "fencing-match," but this is hardly comprehensive enough to include the displays of boxing, bayonet, dumb-bell, and sword feats, which are now generally included. The art of fencing in England was at a very low ebb when, rather more than a century ago, a gentleman of Leghorn, Signor Dominico Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo, arrived in England from Paris, whither he had been sent by his father to see the world before entering upon a commercial life. A skilful swordsman, an expert horseman, and of singularly graceful and handsome presence, what befell him may be easily surmised. He was shortly married to an English lady, and, establishing himself in London as a Professor of Fencing and Equitation, he founded the school of arms known as Angelo's, which still exists in St. James's Street, and which he raised to a rivalry in reputation with the first schools on the Continent. Fencing matches became frequent and fashionable entertainments. Foreigners of distinction in the art were invited to these displays, and as many of them settled in England, and monopolized the Court patronage, the grumbling among the English brethren of the sword was, as may be supposed, considerable. The founder of Angelo's school was also the author of an elaborate treatise upon the art of fencing, copiously illustrated. The figures of this book are still referred to as a standard of grace wherever that quality is considered valuable in fencing; and if the plate which exhibits "la position pour la garde en quarte et le coup de quarte" be compared with the position of the "longe," as given at page 11 of the authorized book of instruction now used in the British army, it will be seen that there is a right way and a wrong way of making a longe in fencing, as well as of doing most other things. The old treatises on fencing



deserve perusal for the quaint solemnity of their precepts and the endless minuteness of their rules. One of the most curious passages of the book before us may be described as important to gentlemen about to proceed to Italy. It explains how to deal with an assailant who comes upon one at night, according to the custom of the country, with a dark lanthorn and a sword. The beautiful series of plates, showing positions infinitely various, and all elegant, were for the most part the work of an engraver named Ryland, who afterwards applied his singular talent for his art to a less worthy purpose. Either this series of engravings or some other was finished by Ryland while under sentence of death for forgery, being respited for this purpose in order that he might leave some provision for his family.

The founder of Angelo's school of arms died in 1802, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He retained his bodily and mental powers so fully to the last that he continued to give lessons in fencing till a few days before his death. His son and grandson successively almost equalled him in length of days. Another proof that the master of the sword can defend himself against the scythe of Time is furnished by M. Leon Gillemand, who has been long known as one of the most accomplished *maîtres d'armes* in London, and who served in the French army in the battle of Waterloo. It may be inferred from this fact that M. Gillemand is older than the present century, but those persons who saw him for the first time at an assault of arms given by himself at Willis's Rooms, last week, would infer that he was a dozen years younger. M. Gillemand may boast that he has seen both the sublime and the ridiculous in war; for he has shared the ruin of the First French Empire, and he shared also the first abortive attempt at establishing the Second. He followed the eagle of one Napoleon at Waterloo, and he would have followed the eagle of another Napoleon at Boulogne, but, unfortunately, that noble bird winged its unerring flight in the direction of a sausage-shop. The story goes that M. Gillemand, having joined the present Emperor when he made his burlesque expedition from this country to France, was offered by the grateful Prince the post of a commissioned officer, but chose that of sergeant. In humility he found safety, for when the Prince's followers became prisoners all below the rank of officers were discharged, after a few days' detention. From that time M. Gillemand has engaged only in the mimic warfare of the fencing-room. The assault of arms at Willis's Rooms was arranged for the last public

appearance of M. Gillemand, and the first of M. Simon, one of the most expert fencers of the modern school, who will occupy the post which was long held by M. Gillemand at the London Fencing Club. M. Simon is a soldier of the Crimea. Having waited till he was tired for promotion in the French army, he quitted it and turned fencing-master. The principal performers were assisted by other masters of fencing, by non-commissioned officers of the household cavalry, and by Mr. Harrison, who delights to call himself "professor" and "the strongest man in the world." The programme comprised assaults with rapiers, foils, sabres, sticks, and sabre against bayonet, boxing, and the usual feats with the sword. The reputation of M. Simon raised great expectations of his assault with Mr. Waite, which should have been one of the most interesting encounters of the afternoon. M. Simon had the advantage of youth and agility, to which the superior strength and reach of his opponent might be considered as equivalent. Unfortunately, the fencing was spoiled by over-anxiety on the part of each performer to get the better of the other. Each combatant was too wary to risk any but the simplest movements of attack and defence, which soon became monotonous from repetition. The play, though often wonderfully close and good, as frequently degenerated into a mere scramble for hits, and an interchange of thrusts which would have been fatal to both in a real encounter. The grand maxim of the art, which Moliere has formularized in the words *donner et ne pas recevoir*, was entirely disregarded. The match with rapiers between M. Gillemand and Mr. Shury was close, rapid, and graceful, and showed in strong contrast the superiority of the older style of fencing in elegance of movement and position. To those who remember the fencing of these masters a score of years since, their recent display may have lacked something of former vigour, but it was still a most interesting and varied illustration of the resources of the art. The weapons used were the triangular duelling swords generally, but incorrectly, termed "rapiers" in England. The light, rigid Biscayan blade or small sword is of later date than the rapier, which was a cutting as well as a thrusting weapon; and the whole scheme of modern small-sword play is based upon the use of the triangular blade, although in practice quadrangular foil blades are used, on account of their greater facility of manufacture and consequent cheapness. But the increased neatness and accuracy of the play with the actual sword-blade is so remarkable as to

strike the most inexperienced spectators, and these weapons are very commonly used in the fencing-schools of Paris. If a serious occasion should arise, the buttons are broken off and the points are sharpened, when all is ready for the duel—at least as far as the necessary tools are concerned. A *leçon de duel* is given by the professor, who takes a sharp weapon, while the aspirant is provided with a buttoned one. The experience gained in thus facing an unbated point is supposed to produce a greater degree of coolness and steadiness in the pupil—when he gets used to it. The contest of sabre against bayonet between Mr. Shury and Private Otterway of the 2nd Life Guards was less satisfactory. Otterway, whose stick-play and boxing were excellent, is deficient in the science of attack with the bayonet, and failed to bring out the real power of the weapon in his contest with so skilful a swordsman as Shury. But his defence was good and quick, and a cavalry soldier can hardly be expected to be quite at home with the peculiar weapon of the infantry. Those who remember the terrific force of the bayonet attack when it is wielded by a thorough master of the weapon will acknowledge that, with equal skill in the combatants, the chances are fearfully against the swordsman. If we wished to see the power of this weapon properly displayed, we should place it in hands which had grown familiar with the use of it in the Foot Guards. The play of bayonet against bayonet is highly interesting, but it is very seldom exhibited at public assaults.

Of the feats with the sword little need be said, except that they were of the usual kind. The sheep was divided at a blow, being suspended for the purpose from a neat, and we had almost said a tasteful, gallows, by Corporal-Major Cornish, of the First Life Guards, whose *nonchalance* and absence of parade contrasted strongly with the elaboration which the great professor of strength, Harrison, bestowed upon the feats with the apple and handkerchief. The bar of lead was well and cleanly cut by the same hand, Cornish's. These tricks have very little to do with swordsmanship; but if the principles which they illustrate could be concisely explained, they would possess a much greater interest for the public, who, as it is, are simply spectators of a wanton destruction of property without the least idea of what is intended to be shown by it. Each feat ought to exhibit a different method of using the weapon. For instance, the cutting an apple upon the naked hand without injuring the flesh depends for its success upon the cut being given without the slight-

est drawing or oblique motion of the blade. It is possible, by direct pressure, to indent the skin considerably with the edge of a sharp razor without cutting the flesh, but this is a branch of study which the inexperienced public is strongly enjoined to avoid. The portion of these entertainments most attractive to spectators is, undoubtedly, the boxing and single-stick, in which, whatever be our appreciation of the skill displayed, the result is at least unmistakeable. The thin lines of steel used in foil play have a motion too rapid for the unpractised eye to follow. The hits are too slight and sharp to be easily noticed, and even the slower movements of a contest with sabres give the effect rather of a juggler's dexterity than of the nearest imitation which can be safely attempted of a deadly combat. But the impression produced by the fracture of a stout ash stick on the palpitating ribs of a Life Guardsman is conclusive, at least as to the reality of the conflict; and the most indifferent spectator, when he hears the thud which accompanies the blow, or dodges to avoid the flying fragments of the stick, will be stirred with the spirit of the lines in Hudibras:—

For when he stabs or beats out's brains,  
The devil's in it if he feigns.

Still more of enthusiasm is excited by the contest with nature's own weapons, however encased with horsehair and leather. Is there an Englishman who can witness a boxing match without being conscious of the existence of an undeveloped faculty in his fists, which he has unaccountably neglected to improve? And when, after a vigorous counter-hit or sharply-contested rally, the face of the foe emerges from the scuffle, what words can picture its expression? The determined stereotyped smile which is demanded by the etiquette of the Ring remains, although wofully disarranged. The owner's efforts to preserve the amiable expression of his features unchanged causes them to assume a ghastly grin:—

As who would smile, and smile in such a sort,  
As if he mocked himself to smile at anything.

But the skilful and good-tempered bout with the gloves between Mr. Blake and Private Otterway was far from any unpleasant disturbance, temporary or permanent, of countenance, and well deserved the applause which it received, especially from the ladies. The stick play by Waite and Cornish was particularly good. Waite in handling stick or sabre loses the stiffness of manner which clings to his foil-play, and it is no

disparagement to him to say that his performances savoured rather of the Life Guardsman which he was than of the fencing-master which he is. For style in fencing we should rather look to M. Gillemand, and for force and quickness to M. Simon. The chief honours of the assault belonged to these soldiers of Waterloo and the Crimea, the old glory and young glory of the fencing-schools.

From Chambers's Journal.

#### THE STORY OF A PIECE OF CHALK.

It is so long ago that I can hardly remember it. If the years which have elapsed since my birth were reckoned in millions, that number would not be too great. My first recollections are of a white, muddy sediment, many scores of feet in thickness, stretching along the bottom of a very deep sea. Of this oozy bed, I formed an inconsiderable part. The depth of sea-water which pressed down this stratum was so great that the light scarcely found its way through the green volume. Day and night, the billows tossed and heaved above me. I could hear the storm howl and the hurricane sweep over the surface of the sea, although they could not affect the bottom where I was lying. Before I woke to consciousness in my oozy condition, I had existed in quite another form. The constant beatings of the Cretaceous sea against its rocky barriers, and the vast quantity of muddy matter poured into it by rivers, caused to be distributed through the sea-water a considerable quantity of mineral sediment. Of course, great though this quantity originally was, when it was diffused throughout the sea, it appeared so small as not to affect the real transparency of the water. The presence of carbonate of lime (for such was a good portion of the mineral matter above mentioned) could only have been proved by chemical tests. It happened, however, that there were eyes sharp enough to detect it, although *human* eyes did not open on the world for myriads of ages afterwards. Those to which I allude belonged to a set of animals so small that you could have put millions of them into a school-girl's thimble!

Each creature was a perfect animal, nevertheless. It had a soft, jelly-like substance, which developed itself into feelers, that took hold of prey even smaller than itself. This soft body was enclosed in a sort of shelly case, beautifully ornamented, and uniformly shaped. This case was manufactured either out of carbonate of lime, or silica, which has already been mentioned as held in solu-

tion by the sea-water. Every cubic inch of water in all the vast ocean at whose bottom I was lying was alive with these animalcules, everlastingly at work separating the mineral matter. It was quite impossible to see these little workers that 'out of water brought forth solid rock,' and yet they were there. Their individual lifetime was very brief, rarely extending over a few hours. But their powers of reproduction were enormous, and thus they were always dying and generating. As they died, they began to sink slowly through the water. The sea was always full of their dead shells, which were gravitating towards the bottom, where they fell as lightly as the motes which float in the sunbeams drop upon the floor. Night and day, they were always alighting there, and forming a thin film. Century after century passed away, and still found these dead shells accumulating, until all the figures I have heard reckoned on the black-board near me — I am now used in a school-room for the purposes of arithmetic — would not together give any idea of their numbers, even if they were all stretched out in a row! You may think this is a bit of romancing, but it is not. A few days ago, a gentleman broke a piece off me, and after powdering it and washing it with a fine camel-hair brush in distilled water (so as to make sure of his experiment), I heard him tell a friend that he could shew him thousands upon thousands of fossil animalculic shells which he had obtained from this small piece!

I am composed of exactly the same ingredients. Although I am no bigger than a small orange, I can assure you there are scores of millions of fossil shells contained within my bulk. In fact, I am myself nothing more than a mass or congeries of the dead shells to which I before alluded. Every time the teacher makes a figure with me on the black-board, he leaves thereon thousands of fossil animalculæ. If you will wash the chalk as the above-mentioned gentleman did, you may see these minute fossils for yourself; though, it is true, you would need a powerful microscope to enable you to do so.

It was the gradual accumulation of these animalculic shells that formed the oozy mud at the bottom of the sea. The extent of this mud-bed was very great — not less than thousands of square miles in area. Notwithstanding the slowness of the deposition, and the infinitely minute creatures which almost wholly formed it, the accumulation went on until the mud had reached a vertical thickness of fifteen hundred feet! What must be the enormous number of shells contained in this mass, and the number of cen-

turies occupied in elaborating it, I leave you to guess. The rate of deposition was very regular, and I have heard that along the bottom of the great ocean called the Atlantic there is actually now being formed a stratum very similar to that from which I was taken. Like it, also, it is formed principally by immense numbers of dead animalcules.

I lay along the bottom of the Cretaceous sea for thousands of years, during which great changes took place in the oozy deposit, some of which I distinctly remember. I mentioned before that, besides carbonate of lime, there were diffused through the seawater other minerals, among the rest one called *silica*, the basis of common sand. Well, a good proportion of the minute animals inhabiting my native sea used this mineral instead of lime, so that their shells were formed of flint. These, of course, fell to the bottom along with the others, and were all mixed up together. By and by, a chemical change took place in the thick mud. It seems that the little grains or shells of silica have a tendency to separate from the lime, and to run together; consequently, the flinty little shells aggregated along the sea-bottom, and there formed what are now known as *flint-bands* and *nodules*. These layers of flint were formed at nearly regular intervals, the chemical changes being very uniform. I should also mention, that as the oozy bed increased in thickness, what with the weight of sea-water and the overlying mud, the lower beds began to be compressed into a solid form. As soon as this took place, they passed into real *chalk*, of which I found myself a part.

I have a distinct recollection of the creatures that inhabited the sea whilst I was lying along the bottom. I am told there are nothing like them living in the seas of the present day. Even those which approach nearest in resemblance differ in some point or another. The most remarkable of these inhabitants of an extinct ocean were a series of large sponges, called by scientific men *Paramoudrae*, but better known in Norfolk (where I come from) as 'Pot Stones.' These were originally sponges which grew one within the other, like so many packed drinking-glasses, sometimes to the height of six or seven feet. Through the set, however, there was a connecting hollow, which is now filled with hard chalk, the rest being all pure flint. It is very remarkable how these sponges became transformed into their flinty condition. As sponges, they were full of what are called *spiculae*—that is, flinty, needle-shaped crystals, which act the part of *vertebrae* to the sponge. You

may find them in the sponges of the present day. When the 'pot stones' existed in this state, as the sponges died and began to decompose, they served as nuclei to all the flinty particles of animalculic shells diffused through the mud. These replaced the decaying matter of the sponge little by little, until the original *Paramoudrae* were turned into 'pot stones.' That the flint was originally soft may be proved by the fact, that fossil shells are often found embedded in it. The other creatures I most distinctly remember are now found in a solid state in the chalk, and are commonly known as 'Fairy loaves' and 'hearts.' They belong to an extensive family still living, and known to fishermen (who often dredge them from the bottom of the present sea) as 'Sea-urchins,' on account of their spiny covering. The existing sea-urchins crawl along the bottom by means of innumerable suckers. Many a time have the fossil fairy loaves thus crept over where I lay. The hearts were similarly covered with movable spines or bristles.

But the commonest objects I remember are those now often found in the chalk as well as the flint, and which are known as 'Thunder-bolts.' These fossils, however, are individually only part of the creature to which they originally belonged. They were the solid and terminal bones of a species of 'cuttle-fish.' After the latter had died, and lay embedded in the chalky mud, the soft and fleshy parts decomposed, and left only the harder portions to be preserved. Sometimes the *thorns*, which were attached to the long arms of these creatures, as well as the horny portion of the beak, are also found fossilised. During my time the *Belemnites* (as these fossils are now called) swarmed the seas in millions; in fact, they were thorough scavengers, and devoured any garbage they came across—dead fish, rotting fairy loaves, &c., and even one another. Here and there, grouped in the hollows of the sea-bottom, lay nests of shells. They are commonly called 'cockles,' a generic term which fossil shells are always known by to those who have not made geology a study. Real *cockles*, however, had not then come into existence. There were a great many species of shells, and these abounded in every sheltered spot. Some of the fishes were covered with little enamel plates, instead of horny scales. Sharks also abounded in considerable numbers, and I have frequently been witness of the great havoc they made among the shoals of smaller fish. But by far the most gigantic sea-monster was a great marine lizard, fourteen or fifteen feet long, which had teeth implanted in its jaws

like bayonets. I have seen its dark shadow pass over where I lay, and have beheld the fishes, and even the otherwise bold sharks, dart away in fear. With one or two strokes of its formidable *paddles* (for it had these instead of fins), it could glide through the water with lightning speed. But even this terrible creature had to succumb to death, and its rotting carcass sunk among the oozy chalk, and there fell to pieces, and became fossilised.

Time would fail me to tell of *all* the creatures which lived in my native sea. I remember that, after long ages had passed away, tremors were again and again felt to shake the sea-bottom. It was evident that some earthquake action was at work over a considerable area. By and by, we found the water getting shallower, and that the light came through the waves more clearly. The sea-bottom was being upraised; and at length what had formerly been ocean, became an extended mud-flat. The sea was drained off, and covered land which had sunk as ours had risen; and thus the two changed places. The upheaval went on, and the chalk hardened into its present solid state, and became a land-surface.

Do not imagine that this upheaval was a sudden and violent process, as some have thought; on the contrary, it was exceedingly slow. The exact spot where I was born was at hundreds of yards depth of seawater, and the upheaving process was probably not greater than at the rate of a few feet a century. From this you may form some idea of the time it took to lift me from my briny bed to the fresh air and hot sunshine. Meantime, whilst the chalk formation, of which I was an infinitesimal portion, was thus being upheaved, the sea was at work in other localities depositing strata similarly to the manner in which I had been originated. Not a single moment was idled away. The forces of nature know no Sabbath—they must toil on from the creation to the final consummation of all things! The great work of the sea, ever since the waters were divided from the dry land, has been to lay the foundations of future continents, and even mountain-chains. Her own barriers have thus been erected by herself, and then as slowly frittered away in order to establish them elsewhere. Geologically speaking, a 'new earth' is always being formed! The old one is gradually altered, particle by particle, just as the human body changes its physiological structure, and yet retains its own individuality.

When I did appear above the surface of the sea, it was to form part of an extensive chalky mud-flat. Far as the eye could see,

this monotonous landscape stretched away. Here and there, an arm of the sea extended, as if old Neptune were loath to quit his sway, and to see his recent territory possessed by his rival Tellus. The pasty mud hardened on the surface in the hot sunshine (for the latitude of what is now Great Britain then enjoyed a sub-tropical climate), and cracked into huge dikes, which the wear and tear of the atmosphere again filled up. The upheaval still proceeded, until at length, after century upon century had passed away, the solid chalk was lifted high enough above the waves to form a tolerably steep coast-line.

For a long time, the hardened, *new-born* chalk was perfectly bare. There was neither soil nor vegetation upon it. It extended in an undulating area, just as the sea-currents had carved it, for hundreds of miles. Wind and rain at length formed a light, chalky mould, which was rendered somewhat sandy by the admixture of flints that had been broken up and pounded into dust. Sea-birds, such as the *albatross*, lived in the adjoining sea, and for centuries the chalk surface served them as a refuge from the storm, and to build their nests upon. Their excrements, together with the light mould I have spoken of, laid the first foundations of the soils and subsoils which covered me up. Some of the birds left undigested seeds, brought from other lands, and these took root and flourished. The wind came laden with minute spores of moss and fern, and soon thick brakes and morasses clothed the marshy places with cheerful green. An occasional palm-nut was stranded upon the beach, where it grew, and shortly afterwards bore fruit, that spread itself in huge palm forests over an area which, a few centuries before, had been nothing but an extensive and barren chalk-flat. In this manner a sub-tropical vegetation covered up the chalk of which I formed part. It has not taken me long to tell, in a general way, of the changes which were thus wrought, but it required thousands of years to produce them. After the upheaval had continued for a long time, it suddenly ceased, and the chalky continent with its wealth of virgin forests and innumerable inhabitants, remained at rest. But the ordinary physical laws of nature were in operation, just as they are now. I ought to have told you that the chalk continent extended from the west of Ireland, through Russia, as far as the coasts of what is now the Mediterranean Sea. It is also more than probable that there was a continuation of land across the Atlantic into America. Existing oceans, seas, lakes, and rivers



had not then been formed. These are the results of subsequent processes, which, as may be imagined, took up scores of centuries to bring them about.

I remember starting with surprise, one morning, on seeing a *four-footed* creature near me, the like of which I had never beheld before. I had been used all my life long to marine creatures of various shapes and sizes; but now the time had come that I was to be introduced to a different set of acquaintances altogether. The best idea of the aboriginal forests which covered the chalk may be obtained by studying those of India. But at the time I am speaking of, forests equally great covered Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Kent, Surrey, and a number of other localities. The creature I have just mentioned was an enormous *monkey*, which had strayed from its companions into my immediate neighbourhood. (The geological period of which I am speaking is known as the *Eocene*.) Huge boa-constrictors hung on the trees for days, and only left them when urged by the sharp pangs of hunger; in the marshier places, crocodiles wallowed, and lay in wait for their prey; strange animals, allied to the present South American tapir, snorted about. An immense creature, called the *Dinotherium*, with semi-aquatic habits, used to bask in the marshes and sleep for hours, with its tusks anchoring its huge head to the shore, and thus keeping it above the water and the mud. Many other genera and species of animals—so strange, that long Greek names alone give us any idea of their main features—lived upon our hardened surface. Flowers of tropical hue and colour were rivalled in beauty and gorgeousness by humming-birds and butterflies. The broad leaves of the banana stretched forth and mingled with the graceful fronds of the tree-fern. The bread-fruit-tree shed its rich store of food on the earth, and fed herds of *Hyracotheria* and *Palæotheria*. In sooth, the landscape was a scene of magnificent beauty. When the golden sunset lingered among the palm-groves, one could well have thought that the Lord indeed walked in the garden. But Man—who makes such a noise in the world now, and imagines that it has been made specially for him, and that therefore everything should be subservient to his wishes and gratifications—had not then made his appearance. And yet Nature, notwithstanding the absence of a human high-priest, did not the less daily offer up a hymn of praise to her adorable Creator.

Nothing earthly is stable; and geology is a science full of proof of this assertion.

The Eocene age passed away; the *Meiocene* came; and, in turn, was replaced by the *Pleiocene*. The tropical conditions of which I have been speaking underwent a change, which was at first very gradual, and almost imperceptible. The tree-ferns and palms did not flourish as luxuriantly as they were wont; the cold winds blew more frequently, and the poor monkeys shivered and died. At length, finding the climate became colder instead of warmer, many of the creatures migrated to more southerly and congenial latitudes, whilst those unable to do so died out. The old forests grew thinner, and winter now shewed he was unwilling to give place to almost perpetual summer. But, as if to compensate for the mischief which alteration of climate produced, other trees replaced the palm and the fern. Thickets of hazel and alder grew in marshy places, pines innumerable spread over the country; whilst the oak, ash, and elm made their appearance for the first time. Thus did the land gradually assume something like its present European appearance. I had before felt the ground shake with the heavy tramp of a monstrous large creature, quite different to any I had seen in bygone days. I had by this time grown used to changes, and was therefore more curious than alarmed at the new-comer. It was an elephant of the most gigantic size, much larger than any living at the present time. It browsed luxuriantly upon the young shoots and fresh twigs, and found a hearty meal spread for it wherever it went. By and by, I was accustomed to see herds of elephants, and to hear them trumpet and snort loud enough to make the welkin ring again. The rivers which sluggishly meandered through the chalk-beds, had now become very broad and deep, and in these, hosts of rhinoceri and hippopotami wallowed and gurgled. The fights that sometimes took place among these creatures were fearful to behold. There was none to disturb them, except a savage and gigantic lion, with enormously sharp teeth and long claws; but this beast, the *Machairodus*, was the greatest enemy to the antelopes and deer that browsed on the adjacent plains.

The climate gradually became more rigorous than ever. In the interval of the existence of the forests which covered up myself and brethren, I am told that great and extensive physical changes went on elsewhere. In France, volcanoes had been actively at work, and great sheets of molten lava had been poured out by them, which had antedated Herculaneum in their destructiveness. Where London, Paris, and Vienna now stand, great fresh-water

lakes, similar to those of North America, existed, and all along their bottoms, series of fresh-water strata were deposited, upon which the foundations of these celebrated cities are now laid. In fact, all over the world, more or less, great changes had been going on. What is now the Pacific Ocean, had been occupied by a great continent, which was afterwards split up into the South Sea Islands.

In addition to the increasing cold, I had for some time imagined that the sea-level was no longer as steady as it had been. The dry land was gradually *sinking*, just as ages before it had been as gently upheaved. There could be no doubt about it; and I was alarmed at the apparent insecurity of the world into which I had been introduced. The ratio of the increase of cold was almost in proportion to the rate at which the dry land was sinking. To cut the matter short, it was only a question of time as to when the chalk continent would once more be sea-bottom. It happened at last—we were dry land no longer, but a shallow sea. The cold was now intense, so intense that, for a long time back, the elephants and rhinoceri had been covered with long, woolly hair, to protect them from its rigour. Away on the mountain-tops the snow had accumulated, and sent forth long sheets of ice, which thrust their way towards the sea, where immense fragments broke off, and floated away as icebergs. The submergence still went on, until many hundreds of feet in depth of sea-water covered us. I looked around to discover any of the old marine creatures that had lived in the sea of the chalk period, where I was born, but not one could I behold. Everything was altered—the very shell-fish were those now living in arctic latitudes! The shallower portions of the sea-bottom were continually liable to be ploughed up by some stranding iceberg,

which brought burdens of mud and boulders to topple over us. What dry land did remain was covered with a moving sheet of thick ice, which ground the rock-surface on which it rested into impalpable mud. This mud was carried away in prodigious quantities to the sea, where it was strewn along the bottom. There it formed those immense beds of *till* and brick earth which cover the whole area of Great Britain, more or less. This arctic sea, as I may term it, kept its place for ages, until several hundreds of feet of gravel, clay, and sand had been deposited; then came an arrest to the submergence; and eventually, *another* upheaving process set in. When this terminated, and dry land once more appeared, the physical geography of the country assumed pretty much the appearance which now characterises it. The clay and sand formed admirable subsoils; flowers spread over hill and dale, and the green grass carpeted the meadow and mountain side. The earth had recently been baptised in the ocean, and there prepared as a renewed world for a new-comer. It was at this time that Man first appeared. His remains may be found mixed up with those of many extinct animals, and his primitive weapons of the chase are commingled with the gravel of the rivers on whose banks he lived. My own experience extends such a long way back, that it seems but as yesterday that Man was introduced. But in that brief period, he has managed to alter the face of creation, and his race has progressed beyond that of all other species put together. I am now getting towards the end of my story, and must leave it to others to continue the history of this last created of animals, merely mentioning, by the way, that it was he who quarried me from the adjacent hillside; and that it is to his children I am used as a humble means of instruction.

From Belgravia.

#### DEATH UPON THE MOUNTAINS.

BEAR him downward; very still he lies,  
And the sheeted face is pale. We found him  
Yonder where his feet set to the skies,  
And the rocks around him.

Where he trod, no mortal foot before  
E'er had trodden. To the unknown sum-  
mit,  
He, across the snow's eternal floor,  
Strode, to overcome it.

And he won the topmost rock; and there  
Found we when days passed, a ghastly bur-  
den.

Others may tell how the peaks were fair;  
Death his only guerdon.

Not for him the sun's departing pride,  
Though the mighty mountain made surren-  
der  
Of her virgin heights. The victor died  
Ere the sunset splendour.

There is one at home perchance will weep;  
Eyes that looked soft sorrow when they  
parted;  
When a dream of death invades her sleep,  
Lone and broken-hearted.

So we bear him downward, pacing slow,  
Tears fast falling from the heart's pure  
fountains:

*Requiescat* carve we mid the snow —  
"Death upon the mountains."

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO THE EDITOR OF  
"GOOD WORDS."

LAKE NYASSA, August 28, 1866.

MY DEAR DR. MACLEOD,—The hint you threw out in our last interview about the Hermannsburg missionaries has been turned over in my mind again and again in the weary treadmill trudge of some 300 miles from the coast to this. Let me try and give you some idea of the country passed over, and then, if I succeed, you will be able to form a judgment in the matter.

From the coast, at a nice little land-locked harbour called Pemba, at the bottom of Mikindany bay, which you may look for twenty-five miles north of the river Rovuma, the country is a gradual slope, up to within forty or fifty miles of this. The land around the harbour rises at once to 150 or 200 feet, and is prettily wooded. There are six villages of half-caste Arabs dotted round the harbour, the circumference of which is over three miles. The entrance is narrow but deep, and the southern part affords anchorage for ships of any size. When we leave this, and proceed away southwards towards the Rovuma, we travel in a *wady*—not very like your *Wady Toora* or *Mousa*, the remembrance of which makes the eyes blink, but still a genuine orthodox wady, having the appearance of a dry river's bed. This has thickly wooded banks and braes, sloping up 100 or 150 feet on each side, and the path somewhat like a sheep-walk, winds along the bottom among grass which often towers over one's head, and has stalks as thick as quills. We are not blinded, it is true, by the glare from sand and stones, but have often to keep the eyes half shut for fear of the spikelets of grass. The only water is to be found in wells. The barometer showed a gradual ascent, and in time we got on a plateau cut up in various directions by these smothering wadys. On the heights and their slopes we have generally dense forests—the trees not so large as they are thickly planted, and horribly intertwined with climbing plants. I call them plants, but they are in fact trees run mad in the struggle for existence: some are as thick as a man-of-war's hawser and as round; others are flat like sword scabbards; and along the centre of the flat on each side are set groups of straight strong thorns; others have hooked thorns like our sweet briar, but magnified, and meaning mischief. These and other entanglers give one the idea that Africa has got a pretty fair share of the curse—"Thorns and briars," &c. Paths had been made by the people, who are named Makonde, but they were much too low for camels and too narrow for buffaloes. We got them cleared for very reasonable wages; and when we were eighty or ninety miles from the coast, or away from the damp of the Indian Ocean, the forest became much more open. It was still, however, dense enough to prevent our getting more than a mere glimpse to any distance. The Rovuma has the plateau mentioned, a mile or two distant from each bank, for the

first eighty miles or so. We could of course see it—a great green mass of foliage, with an occasional red rock jutting out. The confluence of the Loendi and Rovuma is about 150 miles from the sea. The sources of both lie near each other, and both have the same character—sandy bottoms, rapid currents, and many rocky islands. We went along the Rovuma for some distance above the confluence, and then, always ascending, came first to an undulating and then to a mountainous country. Although the country was still covered with open forest, we could get a view of the distant mountains from the crests of the waves into which the region has been worn or upheaved. About 180 miles from this we entered a well-watered, fruitful, but depopulated district. A dearth of food from the confluence to that point gave us rather hard lines, and we had to push on as fast as we could to reach the land of plenty before us. With four of my companions, I succeeded in reaching the inhabited part on the morning of the eighth day. In the course of the sixth day's march I counted fifteen running burns, some ten yards wide and thigh deep, though it was the dry season. We were then between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and found it cold enough for flannels. The most of this depopulated tract shows evidence of a former prosperity. The ridges, like our potatoe drills, on which the people plant dourra, maize, beans, and cassava, to allow the superfluous rains to run off, were everywhere visible. Calcined clay pipes, used in smelting furnaces, are so abundant that it is clear the people worked extensively in iron. The watershed between the coast and lake is about forty miles from the latter, and is about 3,400 or 4,000 feet of altitude. Where I write is 1,200 feet, and not so cold as on the heights.

On the seaboard we have low Arab half-castes; but seven miles inland, we come to the Makonde, who make clearances in the forest and cultivate grain pretty largely. Food is very cheap, and a village may be found every two or three miles. At certain seasons they dig gum-copal for sale. We found them very civil, but they are said not to be always so; and on a former occasion they began to shoot at us, with arrows and balls, without the smallest provocation. Four of the balls went through the boat's sail above our heads. Beyond the Makonde we come to the Matambwe, who differ little but in dialect and the markings on their faces and bodies. Still further inland, we meet the Makoa, easily known by marks like a half-moon on the forehead. And then we have Waiiau or Waiyau—elsewhere called Ajawa—and the people of the Lake Wanyassa, or Manganja. With the exception of the last, all may be described as of various shades of brown: some are very light indeed. Their heads, especially those of the Waiyau, are round and compact; foreheads good, but small; in the nose, the *ala nasi* are always full; lips moderately thick, but the profile is not at all prognathous, like the West Coast negro; height, middle size; bodies and limbs well-shaped

and strong. The women wear the hideous lip-ring, and either file their teeth to points or into notches. Each tribe has its own dialect; but this causes no difficulty—there are so many who understand several.

Our great difficulty was the dearth of food that prevailed over a wide district. We had, of course, a share of those petty annoyances which are best forgotten; but which sometimes creep into books of travels, till they make one *scunner*. The most formidable obstacle is the slave trade. Every year, swarms of Zanzibar and coast Arabs come up laden with ammunition and calico. The usual practice is to go to a Waiyau village, exhibit their goods, and say, "These want slaves." They are invited to remain where they are; and marauding parties, with gunpowder on tick (I have forgotten the proper word), sally forth to the Manganja villages, and there the bowmen never make any stand against firearms. Most of the women and children of the villages attacked are brought back. The men who escape often perish of starvation, for their stores are all consumed by fire, in the mere wantonness of wickedness, by the marauders. This is the process which depopulated the rich, fertile country we travelled over; and it is that of which we saw so much at the hands of the Portuguese in the Shire valley. Each caravan is called a *safari*, and consists of a dozen or more underlings, with a captain, after whom the *safari* is named. They divide when they reach the Waiyau country; and parties go to separate villages, with instructions to return to some point agreed on, when they have each secured a complement of slaves. We nearly met seven of these *safaris*; but no sooner did they hear that the English were coming, than off they scampered across country, through pathless forests. One was, however, just entering on the uninhabited part referred to, as no news had reached the leader till we had lighted upon him. On hearing that I had been making forced marches to procure food for my party behind, and that we were all nearly famished, he generously presented an ox and bag of flour. I felt no inclination to look a gift horse in the teeth. The guilt in all this slaving is so subdivided, that no one, unless he sees the whole process, can appreciate its enormity; and then, in describing what one has actually seen, and carefully keeping a long way within the truth, there is always a natural apprehension of being considered guilty of exaggeration by the would-be long-headed and worldly-wise. The goods are usually advanced on credit by merchants at 'Kilwa (Quilloa) and elsewhere. The riff-raff half-castes who accompany the leader of the *safari*, and sometimes go with the Waiyau marauders, look on slaves as so many cattle. It is probable that those whom we saw tied to trees, and left to perish because the owner was vexed at losing his money by their being unable to travel further, were the victims of this class. These half-castes see the clue to part of the mortality that takes place on the way to the coast. But the Waiyau and the

principal slave-merchants at 'Kilwa see very little of it, and care less. I refer more largely to this half-caste class because, though they have scarcely any religion, they have abundance of bigotry, and they form the main obstacle to efforts by Christian missionaries. The Sultan has no power over them. They obey him when it suits them, and pay no attention to his orders when they are unpalatable. No attempts have ever been made, so far as I can learn, by any Arab of any sort, on the East coast or inland, to propagate Mahometanism. This indifference is ascribed by some to the probable fact, that many Arabian emigrants mixed with the native population before Mahomet appeared, and that the present mixed race had too much of the African in them to imbibe the fanaticism of the prophet's immediate successors. However it may have been, the coast tribes are a most unpromising people for a missionary to have anything to do with. From all I can gather, Africa must be christianized from within. The Waiyau even are a more likely people to receive the Gospel than any of the littoral tribes, who are steeped in prejudice and religious pride.

My estimate of Mataka, the principal chief of the watershed country, may have been too favourable. You may judge of the effects of huge baskets of porridge on a famished Scotchman,—none of your thin brose, but such as a spade would stand as upright in as Cleopatra's needle does in the mud of the Nile. But some of his people had gone without his knowledge, and he had given orders before our arrival to send them and their cattle back. I accidentally saw them: they were fifty-four women and children, about a dozen boys, and some thirty head of cattle and calves. He fed us most bountifully all the time we were at his town, which consists of at least a thousand houses, and took care that we should travel easily through his country, which extends to the Lake.

My opinion is, if these Hermannsburg men are made of really good stuff, they could make their way up, and keep the way open. They could raise wheat in winter, and all European vegetables at the same time; and the native grain when the people do. If they sowed at other times they would not reap. They would require calico sufficient to keep them a year, and after that, only for the purchase of small articles and work. If, however, they are men who would sit down in despair when they had no sugar to their tea, and call out *sacrifice, sacrifice*, they had better far eat sour krout at home, and never quote me as advising them to attempt what only good men and true can do.

February 1, 1867. —I am away far beyond the Ayars, and, I believe, on the watershed we have been in search of. It has taken a long time to work our way up, and I have suffered a good deal of gnawing hunger; but I have made many friends, spoken a few words to some in whose memory they may stick, and everywhere protested against men buying and selling each other. I send this by some black slave traders,

but have some doubts as to its reaching its destination. They refuse to give me more than half a day to write, which induces me to beg you to remember me to the Buchanans and say salaam to your wife.

Affectionately yours,  
DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

From The London Review.

NINA BALATKA—LINDA TRESSEL.

It is now about a year ago that there appeared among the murder-and-bigamy novels of the libraries a modest, little two-volume story, which seemed to claim recognition on other grounds. It had no murder, no bigamy, no red-haired adulteress; in short, all the puppets and stage-play of the vampire school of fiction—which much afflicts us yet—were wholly discarded. In their place, we found a severe simplicity of style, a rare capacity of insight into character, and the plain, tender story of a Bohemian girl who loved, suffered, and was made happy. That story was "Nina Balatka;" and somehow it separated itself from the vampire novels, and was talked about, and read, and remembered. The authorship was attributed to one or two gentlemen who—with all respect be it said—might as appropriately have been suspected of writing Browning's "Evelyn Hope," or Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve." We are not aware that "Nina Balatka" was ever said to be the writing of a woman, perhaps because there was neither immorality nor obstetric information in the book; but the appearance of "Linda Tressel" almost settles the point. The heroic fortitude, the simple frankness, and maidenly honour of Nina Balatka were the attributes of a creation which might have arisen in the mind of a male artist; but Linda Tressel seems to us to be altogether a woman's woman. But after having created such a beautiful character as Linda Tressel, could a woman have had the hardness of heart—the coldness of artistic self-possession—to give her a miserable and totally unmerited death? Surely it was a woman who gave birth to Linda Tressel, and a man who killed her. Leaving these considerations aside, we find "Linda Tressel" to be quite as good a story as "Nina Balatka," if there is in it a slight trace of self-consciousness which we did not remark in the former work. There is the same simple style, quaint and studied, the same minute knowledge of Nurnberg that we saw exhibited in the case of Prague; the same tender, sensitive representations of the moods and feelings of a tender and sensitive girl. Linda Tressel lives with her aunt, Madame Staubach, a well-meaning, rigidly pious and bigoted woman. The natural impulses of the girl are kept in check by the austere tuition of the aunt, who regards all amusement with the angry eye of a Scotch Calvinist of fifty years ago. They have a lodger, Peter Steinmarc, an elderly matter-of-fact, commonplace, and avaricious town-clerk, who wishes to marry Linda in order to possess

the house, which is her property. But Linda has fallen in love with a wild young fellow called Ludovic Valcarm—a thoughtless, selfish, harum-scarum young man, whom all the devout people in Nurnberg regard as a veritable child of the devil. To save her from the sin of loving such a man, Madame Staubach exerts all her authority over her niece, and almost forces her to marry Peter Steinmarc, for whom Linda has a strong aversion. Now Linda believes in her aunt's theory of the world. "She lived with her aunt a quiet, industrious, sober life, striving to be obedient, striving to be religious with the religion of her aunt. She had almost brought herself to believe that it was good for her to be crushed. She had quite brought herself to wish to believe it. She had within her heart no desire for open rebellion against domestic authority. The world was a dangerous bad world, in which men were dust and women something lower than dust. She would tell herself so very often, and strive to believe herself when she did so. But, for all this, there was a yearning for something beyond her present life—for something that should be of the world, worldly. When she heard profane music she would long to dance. When she heard the girls laughing in the public gardens, she would long to stay and laugh with them. Pretty ribbons and bright-coloured silks were a snare to her. When she could shake out her curly locks in the retirement of her own little chamber, she liked to feel them and to know that they were pretty." Borne down by the pious importunity of her aunt, Linda promises to become the wife of Peter Steinmarc; and on the very night before the wedding-day, Ludovic Valcarm makes his way into the house and entreats her to fly with him. She does so. "After to-morrow we will be as happy as the day is long," said Ludovic, as he pressed his companion close to his side. Linda told herself, but did not tell him, that she never could be happy again." Circumstances save her from the ordinary consequences of such a step, and she is taken home again by her aunt; but Linda ever afterwards considers herself a castaway, and avoids, even while she loves, the man who was selfish or thoughtless enough to disgrace her in her own eyes. She is again goaded into promising to marry Peter Steinmarc; partly to free herself from her aunt's importunities, and partly because she thinks it to be her duty. But the nearer the wedding-day approaches, the more sullen and silent does she become, until she really becomes half-mad. She runs away, for the last time, to a relative of hers in Cologne; and there the long mental tension is relaxed, the torture she has suffered bears its fruit, and she dies, without a word for Ludovic Valcarm, and with a message of forgiveness to the man who had ruined her life, the old town-clerk. Such is an outline of one of the tenderest and truest pictures of life and character we have met with for many a day. Fiction is not quite dead among us so long as books like "Linda Tressel" are written, and read, and treasured.